



**POW-WOW SMITH**  
**INDIAN LAWMAN**

NOV.  
NO.177  
10c



# Detective COMICS

WHO IS THE  
MYSTERIOUS  
RAIDER BEHIND...  
**"THE  
ROBBERIES  
IN THE  
BAT-CAVE"**

THIS IS THE *THIRD*  
TROPHY STOLEN FROM OUR  
SECRET *BAT-CAVE*, *ROBIN!*  
*SOMEBODY* MUST KNOW OUR  
REAL IDENTITIES!

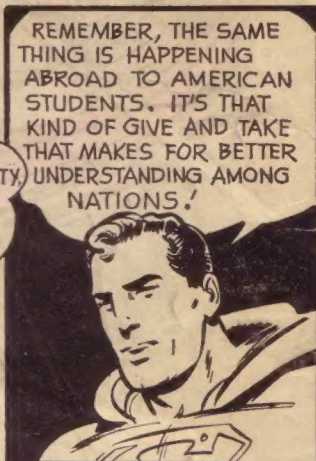
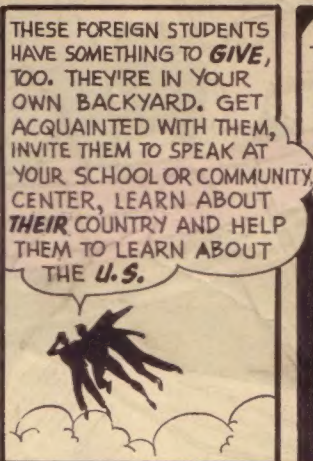
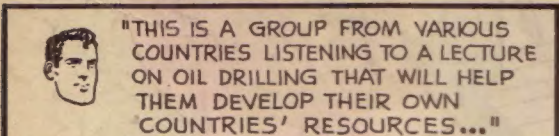
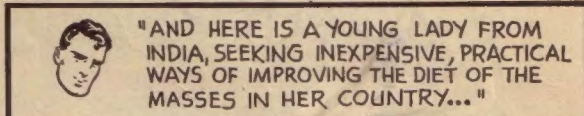
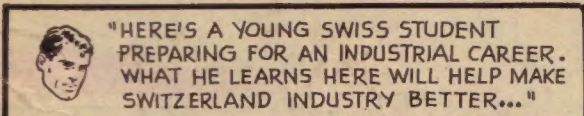
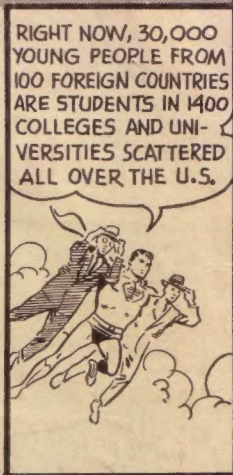
*John*

?



# SUPERMAN

*"The WORLD is our*  
*says: SCHOOLROOM!"*



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# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
- THE BOY WONDER -

WHAT IS THE DREAD SECRET  
BEHIND THE STRANGE THEFTS  
IN THE **BAT-CAVE**? WHO HAS  
INVADDED THIS FABULOUS SUB-  
TERRANEAN SANCTUARY? AND  
HOW WAS IT DONE? HERE IS  
A SECRET SO STARTLING THAT  
**BATMAN**, ONCE HE KNOWS  
IT, DARES NOT REVEAL WHAT HE  
HAS LEARNED EVEN TO HIS  
**DARING DUO** PARTNER,  
**ROBIN**, THE BOY WONDER.

BUT THE SECRET **WILL** BE  
REVEALED TO **YOU!** AND YOU'LL  
GET THE SHOCK OF YOUR LIFE  
WHEN YOU DISCOVER WHAT'S  
BEHIND...

"The **ROBBERIES** in  
the **BAT-CAVE!**"

GONE!  
ALL OUR TROPHIES  
HAVE BEEN STOLEN.  
HOW DID IT  
HAPPEN,  
**BATMAN?**

I THINK I  
KNOW! BUT  
I DARE NOT  
TELL EVEN  
**ROBIN!**

MASK of the  
**JOKER**

GIANT PISTOL From the  
BULLET HOLE CLUB

PENGUIN  
EFFIGY



THE **BAT-CAVE...**  
SECRET  
SUBTERRANEAN  
CAVERN WHERE  
CRIMINAL  
CUNNING IS BARED  
TO THE  
SEARCHING EYE  
OF MODERN  
SCIENCE. HERE,  
TWO FAMILIAR  
FIGURES WORK FAR  
INTO THE NIGHT...

THESE GLOVES  
FOUND ON THE SCENE  
ARE THE ONLY CLUE TO  
THE THIEF WHO GOT AWAY  
WITH THE GOTHAM FUR  
COMPANY'S MINK PELTS,  
**ROBIN!** GET OUT OUR  
**CENTRIFUGE** AND  
WE'LL LEARN ABOUT  
THEIR OWNER!

RIGHT,  
**BATMAN!**

GOLLY... THE CENTRIFUGE ISN'T  
IN ITS REGULAR PLACE, **BATMAN!**  
HMMM... NOT HERE... OR HERE...  
LAST TIME WE USED IT WAS  
TO EXTRACT DUST FROM THE  
JACKET FOUND AT THE SCENE  
OF ORCHID GROWER RUDLEY  
BATES' MURDER.

IT WAS TAKEN OUT  
OF THE **BAT-CAVE**  
IN 1949 FOR A POLICE  
CONVENTION AND  
RETURNED. BUT  
THERE'S NO RECORD  
OF ITS REMOVAL  
SINCE THEN.

NEVER MIND,  
**ROBIN!** I'LL  
TURN UP SOONER  
OR LATER.  
MEANTIME, WE'LL  
IMPROVISE.

CENTRIFUGE



HISTORY: BROUGHT TO BATCAVE  
JUNE 2, 1947...

OUT -- SEPT. 6, 1949...  
DEMONSTRATION POLICE  
CONVENTION.  
RETURNED -- SEPT. 9, 1949..

A DRUM ATTACHED TO THE POWERFUL  
**BATMOBILE** SERVES FOR THE MISSING  
CENTRIFUGE...

THE LAST TIME WE USED  
THE CENTRIFUGE... THE  
BATES' MURDER... THE DUST  
PARTICLES WE REMOVED  
FROM THE JACKET LED  
DIRECTLY TO MONROE PEEL.  
AND YET HE WASN'T GUILTY.  
WE MADE A TERRIBLE  
ERROR!

BUT IT WAS  
DISCOVERED IN  
TIME... NO POINT  
IN BROODING,  
**ROBIN!** NOW GET  
THE ELECTRON  
MICROSCOPE  
SO WE CAN CHECK  
WHAT CAME FROM  
THE GLOVES!

**BATMAN!**  
THE ELECTRON  
MICROSCOPE!  
IT'S MISSING,  
TOO!

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, AS **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** THE BOY WONDER MAKE THEIR NIGHTLY PATROL OF GOTHAM CITY'S WATERFRONT...

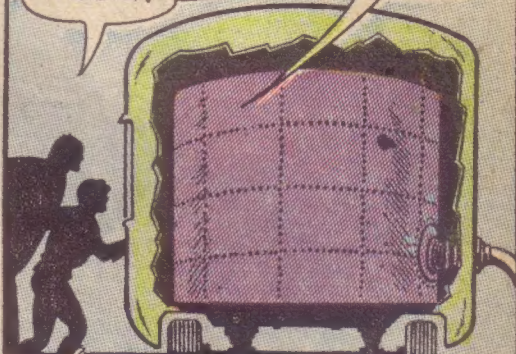
CAN'T GET OVER THE MICROSCOPE DISAPPEARING, TOO, **BATMAN**! LIKE THE CENTRIFUGE, THE MICROSCOPE FIGURED IN THE BATES CASE AND...

OVER THERE, **ROBIN**! WALKING UP AND DOWN BESIDE THE HOSE WHICH RUNS FROM THE OIL TANK BARGE! THOSE THREE LOOK SUSPICIOUS. LET'S CHECK!



THIS HOUSE TRAILER IS A CAMOUFLAGE FOR A **TANK**! THEY STEAL OIL FROM THE BARGE BY PUMPING IT IN HERE! PRETTY TRICKY!

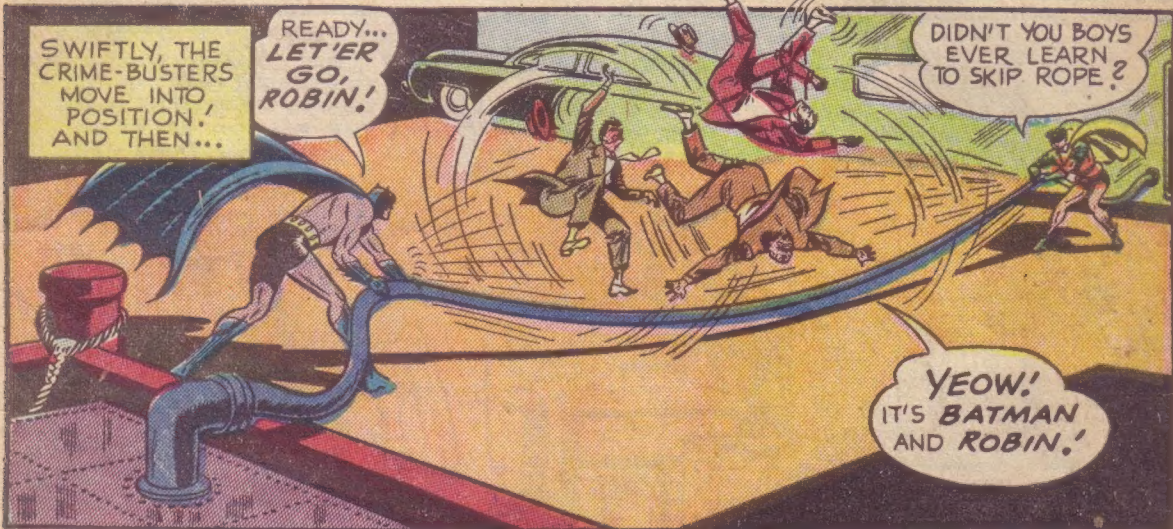
TIME WE SHOWED THOSE BIRDS SOME OF **OUR** TRICKS!



SWIFTLY, THE CRIME-BUSTERS MOVE INTO POSITION! AND THEN...

READY... LET'ER GO, **ROBIN**!

DIDN'T YOU BOYS EVER LEARN TO SKIP ROPE?

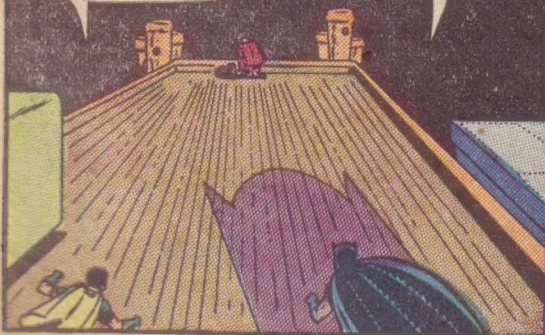


YEOW! IT'S **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**!

BUT BEFORE THE **DUO** CAN SECURE THE CRIMINAL QUARRY, AN AMAZING THING HAPPENS...

THEY'RE GOING OFF THE END OF THE DOCK! DO THEY EXPECT TO ESCAPE BY SWIMMING?

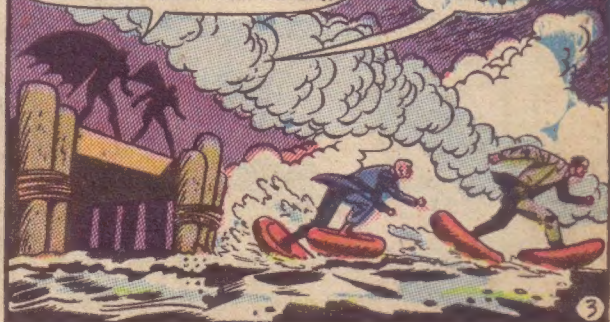
THESE RATS MUST THINK THIS DOCK IS A SINKING SHIP!



A SECOND LATER, THE DYNAMIC DUO STOPS SHORT IN STUNNED SURPRISE...

THEY'RE RUNNING OVER THE WATER ON **PONTOON-BOOTS**! THEY MUST HAVE SLIPPED 'EM ON AND INFLATED THEM AS THEY JUMPED FROM THE DOCK!

THOSE **PONTOON-BOOTS**...THEY WERE SECRETLY DESIGNED BY **US**!



AS THE OIL-RUSTLERS FLEE IN A STOLEN SPEED BOAT, THE STUNNED MANHUNTERS RETURN TO CONFIRM A SHOCKING SUSPICION...

IT... IT'S AS WE FEARED... THE PONTOON BOOTS WERE STOLEN FROM THE **BAT-CAVE!** WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN, **BATMAN?**

I WISH I KNEW!

IN THE HECTIC HOURS WHICH FOLLOW, A MAMMOTH TASK IS PURSUED... **AN INVENTORY OF THE BAT-CAVE!**

GRENAD TROPHY... RIGHT, GIANT CHESS MEN... YES, HARPOON CANNON... CHECK, THIS WINDS UP THE **TROPHY ROOM, BATMAN!** AT LEAST THERE'S NOTHING MISSING FROM **HERE!**

NOW FOR THE **CRIME LAB!** WE MUST LEARN JUST HOW BAD THINGS ARE!

ONE CASTING KIT FOR MAKING MOULAGES OF FOOTPRINTS, ONE SAMPLE CASE OF VARIOUS ANIMAL HAIRS, ONE MICROMETER...

ONE SET OF HAIR TONIC SAMPLES... THIS HAS COME IN HANDY IN IDENTIFYING THE SMUDGES LEFT ON THE HEAD RESTS OF CHAIRS.

THIS **HELIOMETER** FOR EXAMINING THE INSIDE OF A GUN BARREL... REMEMBER HOW WE USED IT TO GET THE EVIDENCE WHICH SENT BINGO LEEDS TO THE CHAIR? HE... HE ALWAYS SWORE HE WAS INNOCENT, **BATMAN!**

BUT THE EVIDENCE PROVED THAT HE LIED, **ROBIN!**

ONE **DACTYLOSCOPE** FOR VIEWING FINGERPRINTS...

WAIT, **BATMAN!** AN ITEM ON MY LIST... I CAN'T FIND IT!

ARE YOU SURE YOU MADE A CAREFUL SEARCH, **ROBIN**?

I'M CERTAIN! THE **IODINE FUME GUN** WHICH BRINGS OUT HIDDEN FINGERPRINTS... THE ONE WE USED IN THE **PHIL ARGON CASE**... **IT'S GONE!**

THE CENTRIFUGE, THE ELECTRON MICROSCOPE, THE PONTON BOOTS AND NOW THE IODINE FUME GUN... ALL STOLEN FROM THE **BAT-CAVE!** THINK WHAT THAT MEANS! WHOEVER'S GETTING IN HERE MAY KNOW THE SECRET IDENTITIES OF **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN!**

SOON AFTER... THE "ELECTRIC EYE" BEAMS WE'VE RIGGED AT EVERY ENTRANCE WILL SET OFF AN ALARM IN OUR ROOM IF INTERCEPTED. THIS WILL REVEAL THE INTRUDER... **IT MUST!**

PRESENTLY, IN THE SPACIOUS ROOM SHARED BY WEALTHY BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON, THE EVERYDAY IDENTITIES OF **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**...

TIRED AS WE ARE, WE'LL NEVER SLEEP THROUGH THIS ALARM IF IT RINGS, DICK!

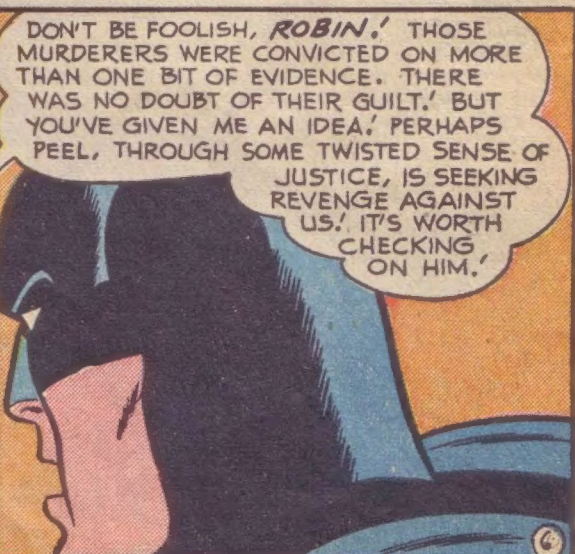
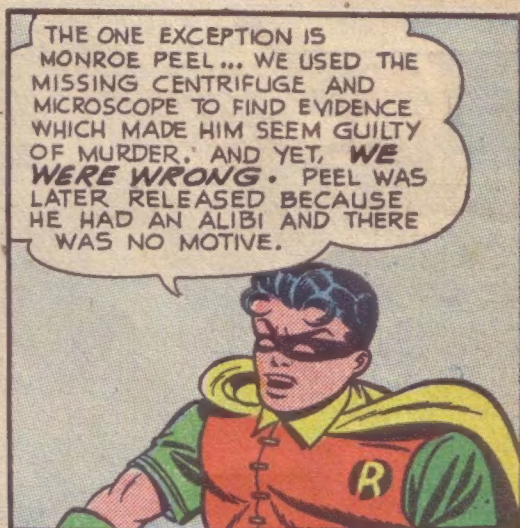
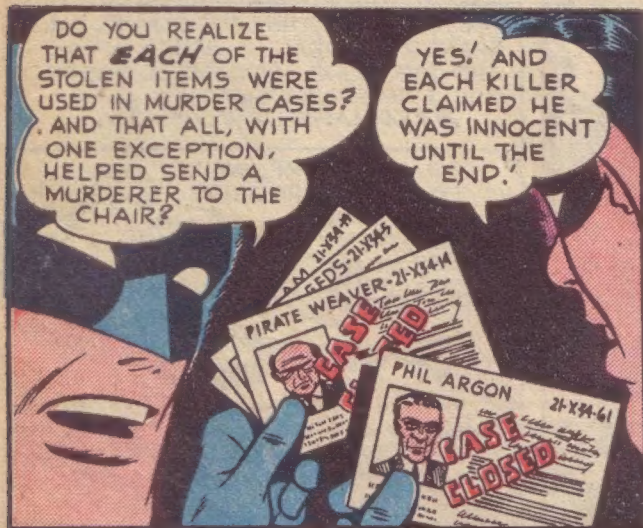
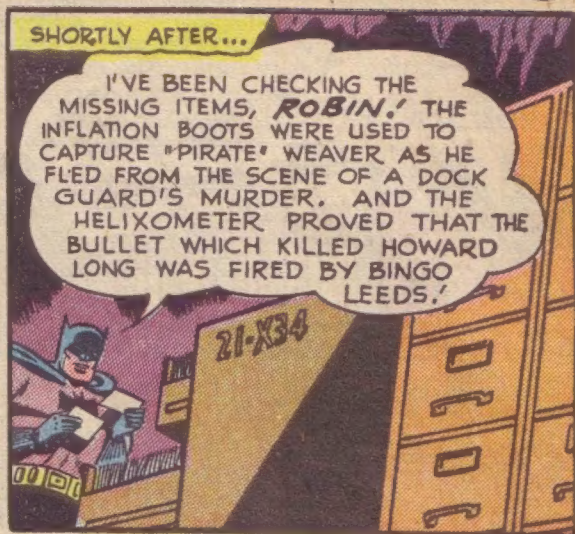
EARLY NEXT MORNING...

THE ALARM DIDN'T GO OFF DURING THE NIGHT, SO I GUESS WE HAD NO VISIT FROM THE THIEF, BRUCE!

EVERYTHING SEEMS IN ORDER, DICK!

SUDDENLY...

DICK! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT-- BUT, IT'S HAPPENED. **ANOTHER ITEM HAS BEEN STOLEN FROM THE BAT-CAVE!**



THAT NIGHT...

I'M KEEPING WATCH ON PEEL BEGINNING AT MIDNIGHT. I'LL BE GONE UNTIL MORNING,

I'M NOT DEPENDING ON THE ALARM, **BATMAN!** WHILE YOU'RE GONE, I'LL STAY RIGHT HERE IN THE **BAT-CAVE!**

CRIME LAB

SOON AFTER, OUTSIDE A SMALL HOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY...

PEEL HASN'T MOVED SINCE I BEGAN MY VIGIL. IF HE HAS SOME WAY OF LOOTING THE **BAT-CAVE**, I'LL LEARN IT. IF SOMEONE ELSE IS THE THIEF, HE'LL BE SPOTTED BY **ROBIN!** BETWEEN THE TWO OF US, WE'LL SOLVE THIS MYSTERY.

BUT AT THIS MOMENT, **FATE**, IN THE FORM OF AN AWESOME FLASH IN THE NIGHT SKY, INTERFERES WITH THE PLAN...

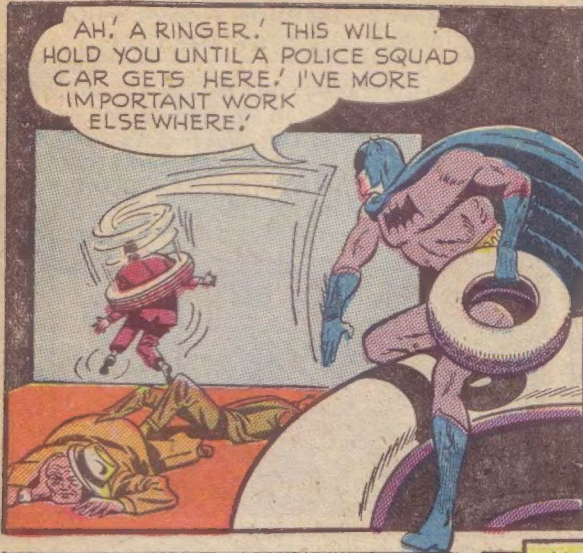
THE **BAT-SIGNAL!** I'VE NEVER REFUSED TO ANSWER ITS CALL! BUT WHAT A TIME FOR THIS TO HAPPEN!

MUST ANSWER THE **BAT-SIGNAL!** BUT I WANT TO KEEP TABS ON PEEL, TOO. AH! THESE TWO SHINY HALF DOLLARS. THEY MAY BE THE ANSWER.

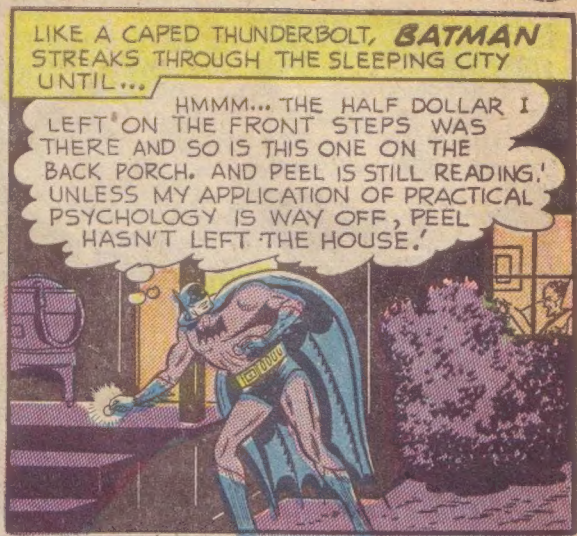
MOMENTS AFTER, **BATMAN** HAS ANSWERED THE **BAT-SIGNAL'S** CALL ... A CALL TO DYNAMIC ACTION...

HMM...THE THIEVES. I'LL SOON MAKE THEIR SCHEME FALL "FLAT".

IT'S **BATMAN!** HE'S INSIDE THAT GIANT TRUCK TIRE!



AH, A RINGER! THIS WILL HOLD YOU UNTIL A POLICE SQUAD CAR GETS HERE! I'VE MORE IMPORTANT WORK ELSEWHERE!

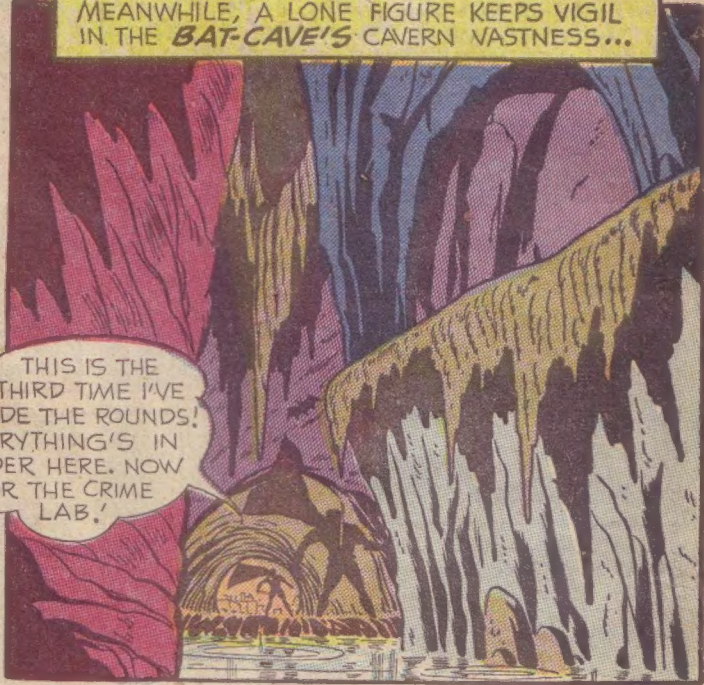


LIKE A CAPED THUNDERBOLT, **BATMAN** STREAKS THROUGH THE SLEEPING CITY UNTIL...

HMMM... THE HALF DOLLAR I LEFT ON THE FRONT STEPS WAS THERE AND SO IS THIS ONE ON THE BACK PORCH. AND PEEL IS STILL READING! UNLESS MY APPLICATION OF PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY IS WAY OFF, PEEL HASN'T LEFT THE HOUSE!

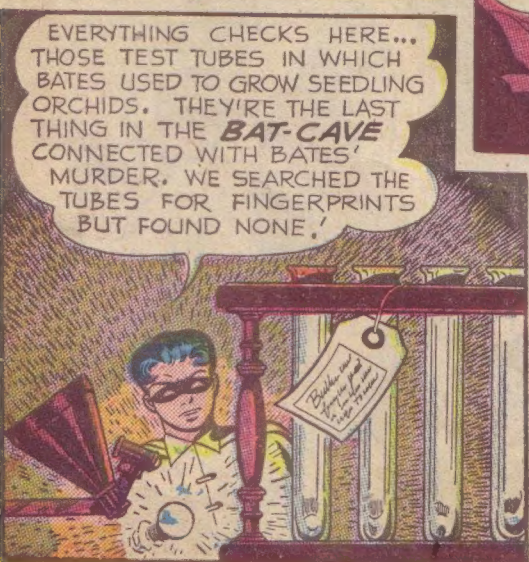


IF HE HAD, HE'D MOST SURELY HAVE OBEYED A NATURAL IMPULSE AND **PICKED UP** ONE OF THE SPARKLING COINS I LEFT IN FRONT OF EACH EXIT!



MEANWHILE, A LONE FIGURE KEEPS VIGIL IN THE **BAT-CAVE'S** CAVERN VASTNESS...

THIS IS THE THIRD TIME I'VE MADE THE ROUNDS! EVERYTHING'S IN ORDER HERE. NOW FOR THE CRIME LAB!



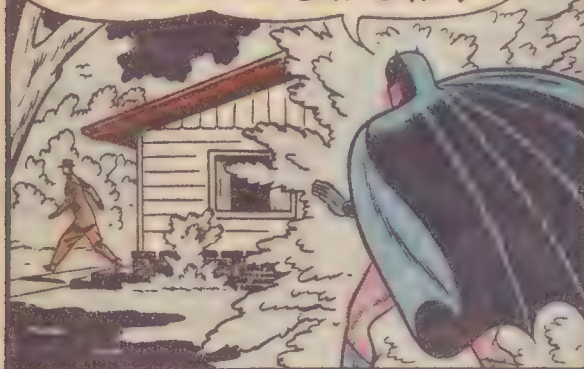
EVERYTHING CHECKS HERE... THOSE TEST TUBES IN WHICH BATES USED TO GROW SEEDLING ORCHIDS. THEY'RE THE LAST THING IN THE **BAT-CAVE** CONNECTED WITH BATES' MURDER. WE SEARCHED THE TUBES FOR FINGERPRINTS BUT FOUND NONE!



GOSH, I'M TIRED! I'LL REST HERE IN FRONT OF THE CRIME LAB. IF ANYONE TRIES TO ENTER, HE'LL HAVE TO CRAWL OVER ME!

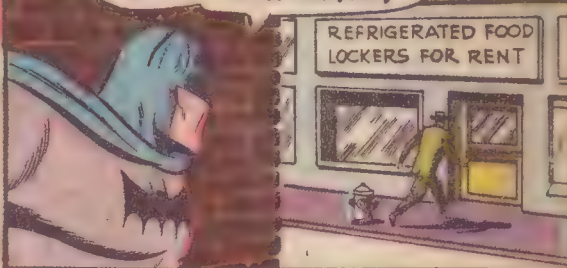
THE LONG, DARK HOURS AT LAST SURRENDER TO THE DAWN! AND AT **BATMAN'S** POST...

PEEL'S OUT EARLY! I'LL CHECK ON HIS DESTINATION BEFORE RETURNING TO THE **BAT-CAVE!**



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HMMM... PEEL'S GOING INTO ONE OF THOSE PLACES WHERE YOU CAN RENT A REFRIGERATED LOCKER TO STORE FOOD THE WAY BANKS RENT SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES FOR VALUABLES! SEEMS INNOCENT ENOUGH! NOW I MUST GET BACK TO THE **BAT-CAVE!**



AND PRESENTLY, IN THE SUBTERRANEAN STRONGHOLD...

GOOD MORNING, **ROBIN!** ANYTHING TO REPORT?

ALL QUIET, **BATMAN!** LET'S CHECK AROUND TO MAKE SURE!



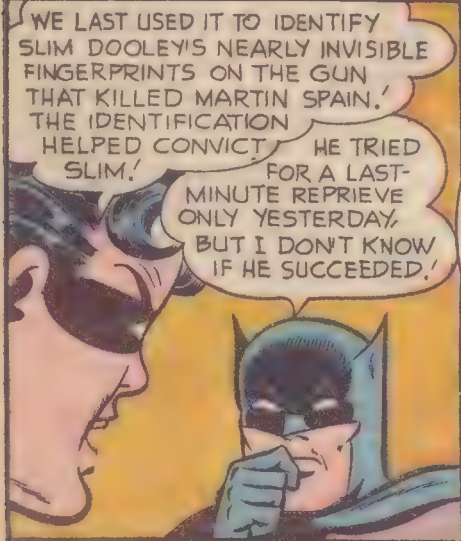
PRESENTLY...

**BATMAN!** THE DACTYLOSCOPE! IT WAS HERE WHEN I CHECKED A FEW HOURS AGO! I'VE BEEN IN FRONT OF THE DOOR EVER SINCE! BUT... BUT **IT'S GONE!**



WE LAST USED IT TO IDENTIFY SLIM DOOLEY'S NEARLY INVISIBLE FINGERPRINTS ON THE GUN THAT KILLED MARTIN SPAIN! THE IDENTIFICATION HELPED CONVICT! HE TRIED SLIM!

FOR A LAST-MINUTE REPRIEVE ONLY YESTERDAY, BUT I DON'T KNOW IF HE SUCCEEDED!



SWIFTLY, THE TWO RACE TO THE WAYNE LIVING ROOM ABOVE...

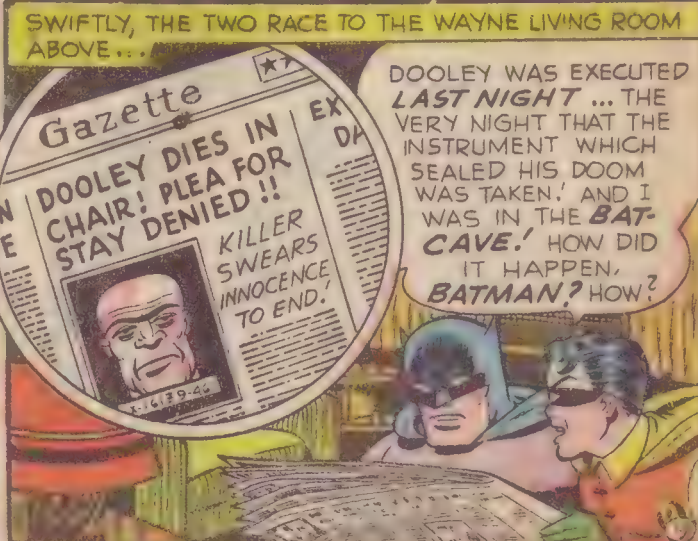
Gazette

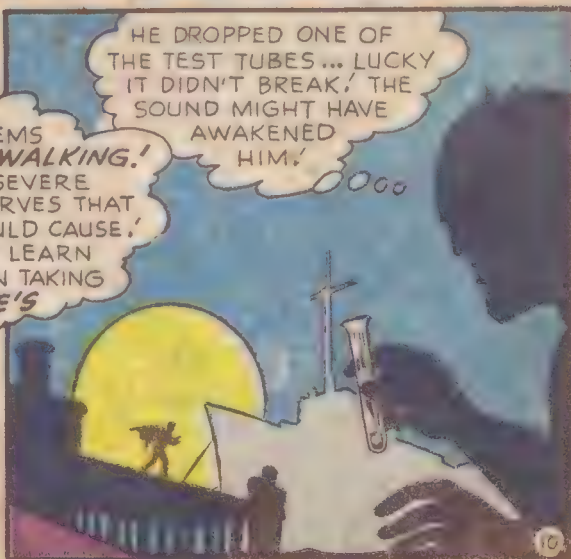
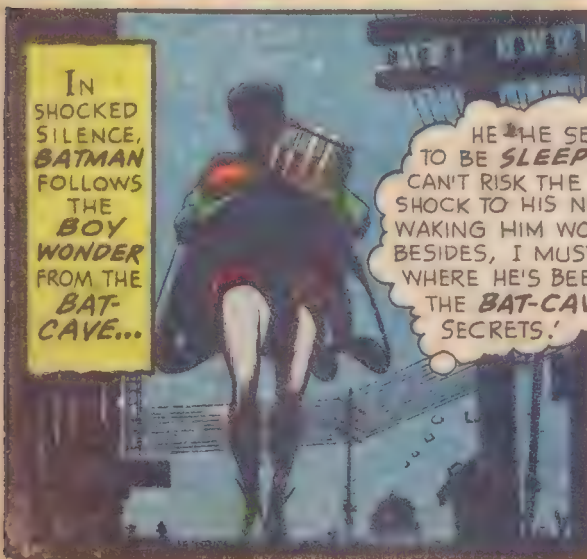
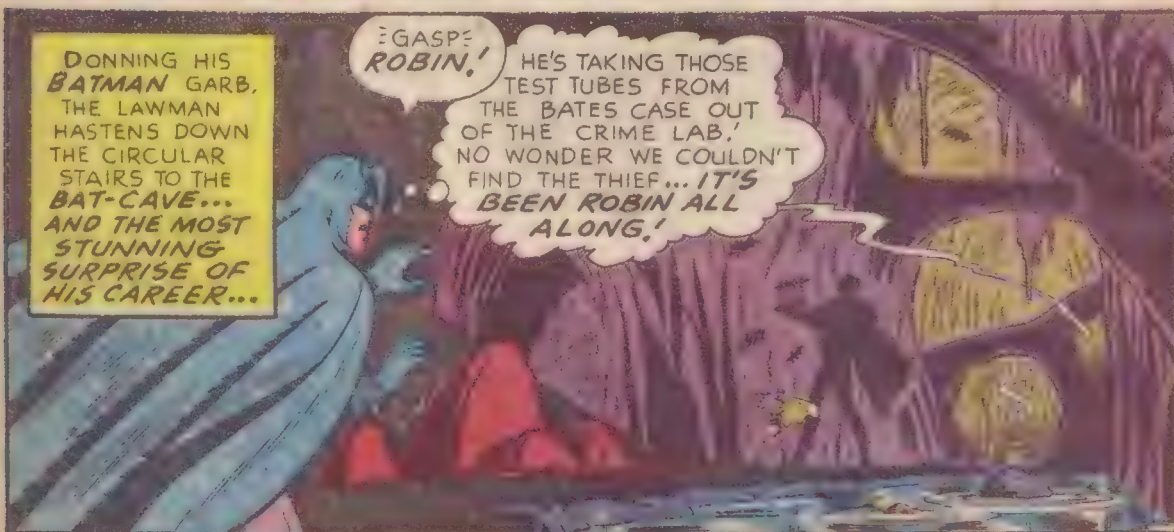
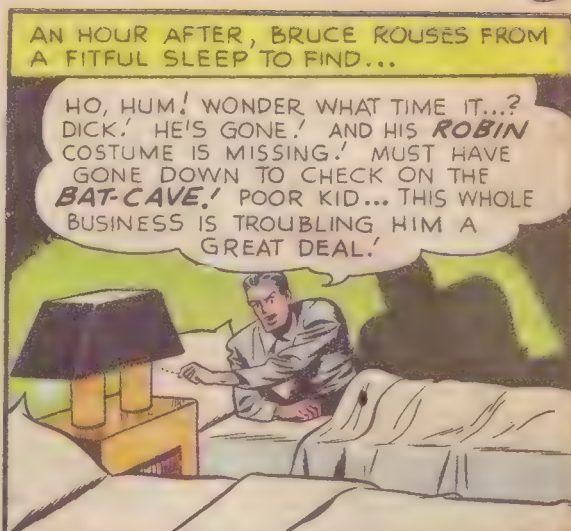
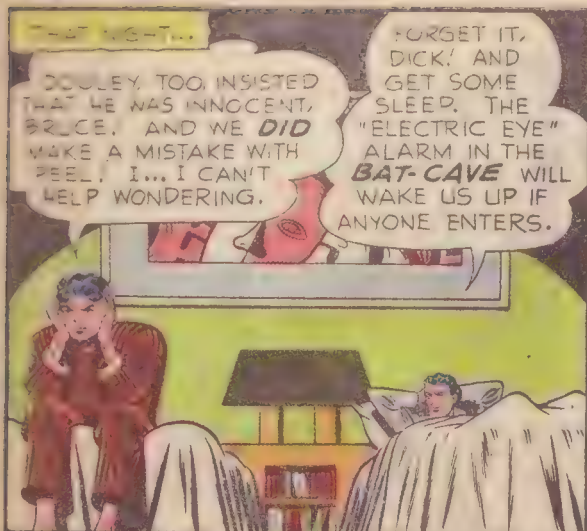
DOOLEY DIES IN CHAIR! PLEA FOR STAY DENIED!!

KILLER SWEARS INNOCENCE TO END!



DOOLEY WAS EXECUTED **LAST NIGHT** ... THE VERY NIGHT THAT THE INSTRUMENT WHICH SEALED HIS DOOM WAS TAKEN! AND I WAS IN THE **BAT-CAVE!** HOW DID IT HAPPEN, **BATMAN?** HOW?





FASCINATED, THE CAPED CRIME-BUSTER WATCHES AS THE **BOY WONDER** DOES AN AMAZING THING...

SO **ROBIN'S** BEEN THROWING THE MISSING ITEMS INTO THE RIVER! THAT'S WHY THE INFLATION BOOTS TURNED UP IN THE HANDS OF THOSE OIL THIEVES... THE BOOTS FLOATED AND THEY MUST HAVE FOUND THEM!

SHORTLY AFTER...

BACK INTO THE BARN AND DOWN THE SECRET CHAIN HOIST... NOW HE'S DUCKING UNDER THE ELECTRIC EYE BEAM! EVEN WHILE HE'S SLEEP-WALKING, HIS SUBCONSCIOUS DIRECTS HIM TO AVOID THE BEAMS... NO WONDER THE ALARM NEVER SOUNDED!

INSTEAD OF FOLLOWING **ROBIN**, **BATMAN** WALKS THE DARK STREETS, HIS MIND RELIVING THE **BOY WONDER'S** TROUBLED FEARS...

WITH **MONROE PEEL**, WE MADE A TERRIBLE ERROR! COULD WE HAVE MADE OTHER MISTAKES, **BATMAN**?

WE MAY HAVE SENT INNOCENT MEN TO DEATH!

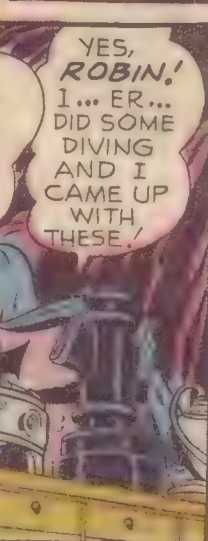
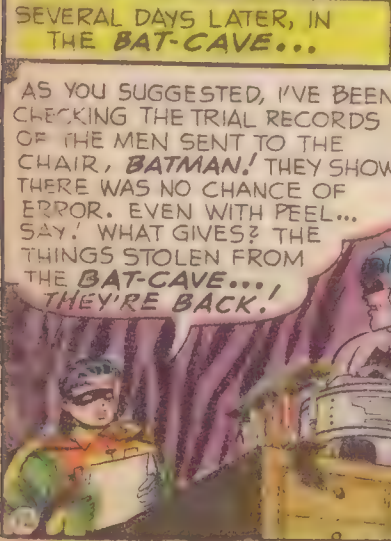
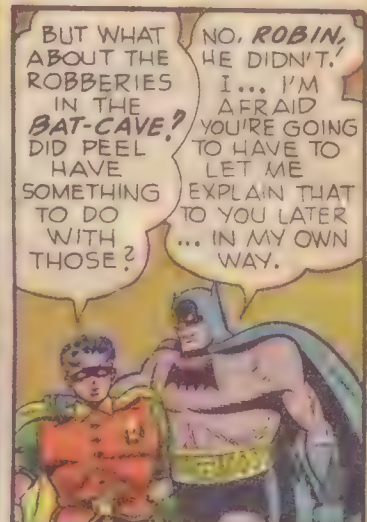
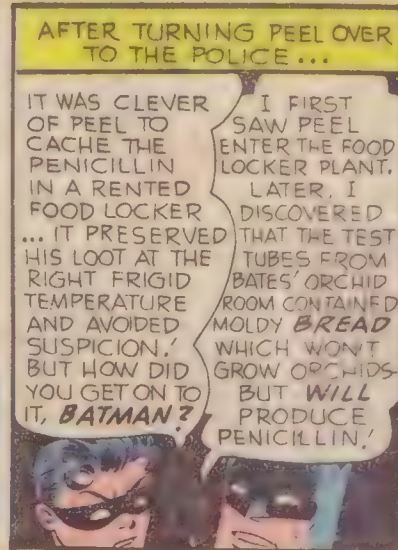
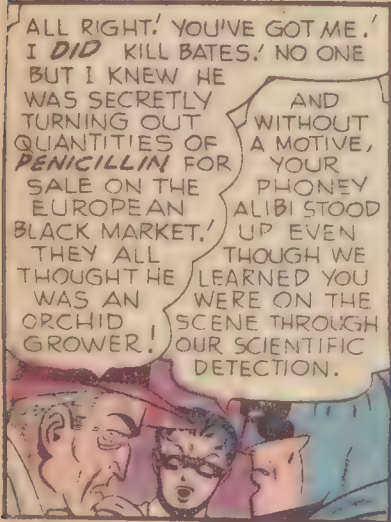
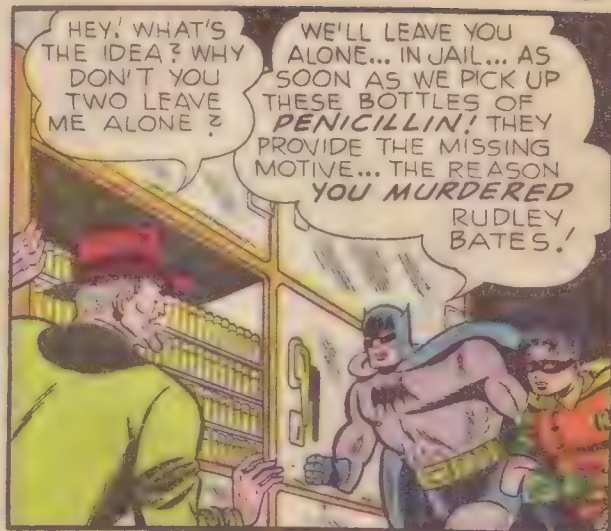
EACH CLAIMED HE WAS INNOCENT UNTIL THE END!

WE MADE A MISTAKE WITH **PEEL**... I CAN'T HELP WONDERING IF THERE WERE OTHERS!

NOW I UNDERSTAND! THE TERRIBLE SHOCK OF OUR ARRESTING **PEEL** FOR MURDER ONLY TO

LEARN HE WAS INNOCENT HAS UPSET **ROBIN**! HIS SUBCONSCIOUS, WORKING WHILE HE SLEPT, EXPRESSED HIS GUILT FEELING BY HAVING HIM DESTROY THE THINGS WHICH APPREHENDED **PEEL**... THE CENTRIFUGE AND MICROSCOPE.

FEARING WE'VE MADE OTHER ERRORS, HE'S DESTROYED THE OBJECTS WHICH SOLVED OTHER MURDER CASES. BUT HOW CAN I CURE HIM? IF THIS KEEPS UP, HE'LL... WAIT! THIS TEST TUBE HE DROPPED! ORCHIDS ARE GROWN IN **MOSS**! THIS CONTAINS **BREAD**! AND TODAY **PEEL** VISITED-- I MAY HAVE THE ANSWER!



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ON THE PACKAGE BACKS OF ALL

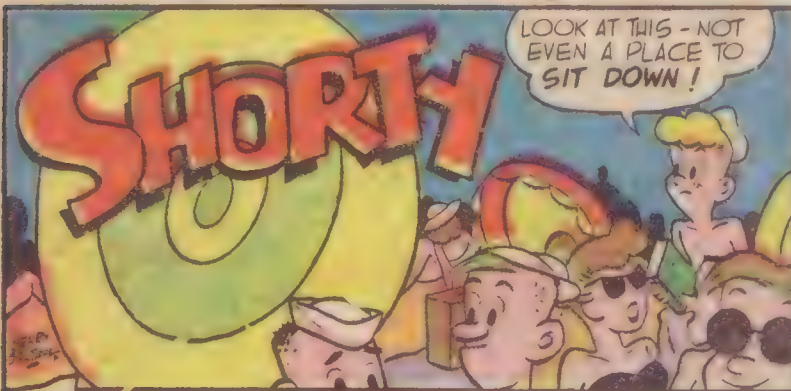
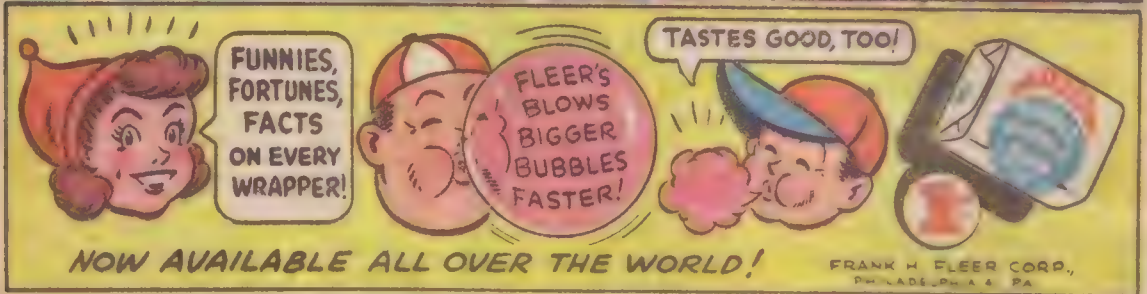
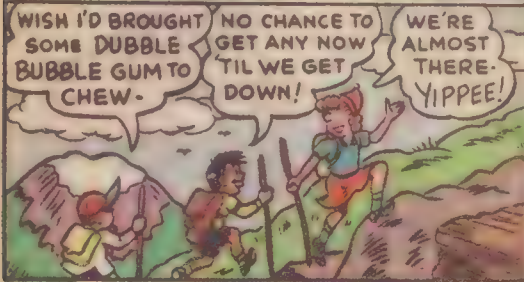
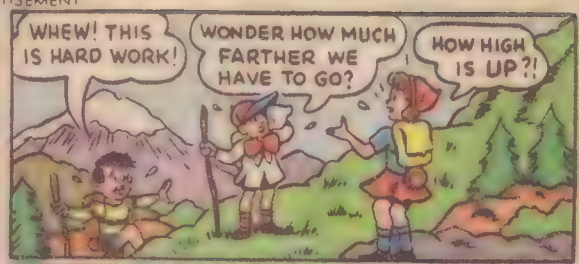
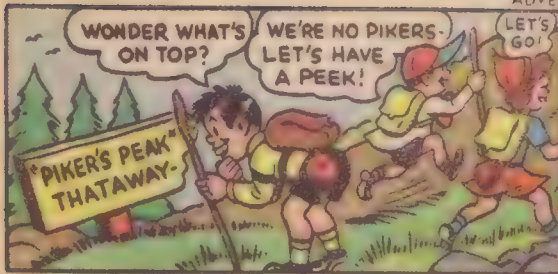
# Royal

## DESSERTS

ROYAL PUDDINGS—ROYAL GELATIN DESSERTS

ROYAL CUSTARD FLAVOR DESSERT MIX—ROYAL LEMON FLAVOR DESSERT





# IMPOSSIBLE-BUT TRUE

**A**MAZING FACTS AND PEOPLE ARE THE DAILY BUSINESS OF ROY RAYMOND, PRODUCER OF THE POPULAR TELEVISION SHOW--**IMPOSSIBLE BUT TRUE**--AND THE MOST AMAZING MAN ROY EVER MET WAS THE ONE WHO CLAIMED HE COULD OPEN ANY LOCK IN THE WORLD...AND SUCCEEDED IN GETTING OUT OF A SAFE THAT ALL THE EXPERTS SAID WAS FOOLPROOF! HOW HE DID IT, AND HOW ROY FOUND THE KEY THAT UNLOCKED THE RIDDLE, MAKE ONE OF THE MOST CHALLENGING ROY RAYMOND TALES OF ALL TIMES AS THE MASTER OF ENIGMAS TANGLES WITH...

**"THE MAN NO PRISON DOOR COULD HOLD!"**

GOLLY! OPENED IN LESS THAN A MINUTE! HOW DID YOU DO IT?



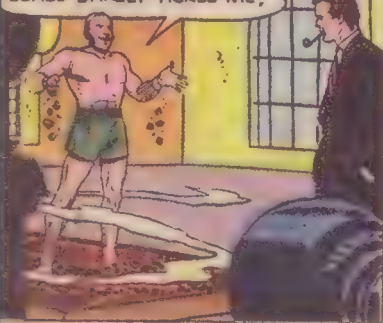
GUARANTEED  
BURGLA  
PROOF

WHY SHOULD I TELL YOU? I GOT A SECRET WAY--AND IT'S WORTH MILLIONS!

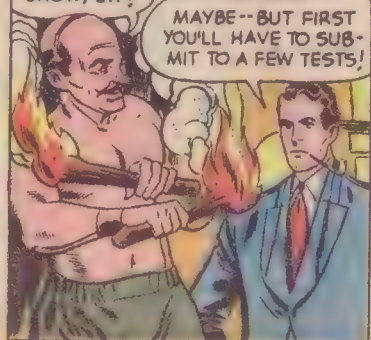
IT *USED* TO BE A SECRET--BUT NOW THAT I KNOW IT, HE'S IN FOR QUITE A SURPRISE!

ONE DAY, AS ROY RAYMOND AUDITIONS A TRYOUT FOR HIS TELEVISION SHOW--**IMPOSSIBLE BUT TRUE**...

AS YOU CAN SEE, MR. RAYMOND, I AM COMPLETELY IMMUNE TO THE EFFECTS OF INTENSE HEAT! THESE BURNING COALS BARELY TICKLE ME!



EVERY MORNING I TAKE A FLAME BATH--LIKE THIS. FRESHENS ME UP, QUITE A SPECTACLE FOR YOUR SHOW, EH?



MAYBE--BUT FIRST YOU'LL HAVE TO SUBMIT TO A FEW TESTS!

A LITTLE LATER, IN ROY'S STUDIO LAB...

HMM... JUST AS I SUSPECTED--YOU'VE COATED YOURSELF WITH A SPECIAL COMPOUND OF PLASTIC AND FIREPROOF ASBESTOS--MADE TO RESEMBLE REAL SKIN. WHAT YOU DID WAS IMPOSSIBLE, BUT ALSO **UNTRUE!**



BAH! CAN'T ANYONE FOOL YOU?

AFTER THE TRYOUT, AS ROY CONSULTS WITH HIS PRETTY SECRETARY, KAREN...

HERE'S A LETTER FROM A MR. EDGAR CLINCH-- CLAIMS HE CAN OPEN ANY LOCK WITHOUT A KEY. HE WANTS US TO VISIT HIM!

WELL, I DO NEED FRESH MATERIAL. PHONE HIM THAT WE'RE COMING!



SOON, AT CLINCH'S WORKROOM...

AAH--GLAD TO SEE YOU, MR. RAYMOND. PARDON THE...ER...PECULIAR COSTUME. I'M WEARING IT AS PART OF MY DEMONSTRATION. JUST EXAMINE THE LOCK THAT SEALS THIS STRAIGHT-JACKET, SATISFY YOURSELF THAT IT'S GENUINE, AND THEN SNAP IT SHUT!



HMM... LOOKS ALL RIGHT-- IT'S LOCKED NOW!

AT PRESENT I WORK FOR THE STERLING IMPORT CO. --AND MASTERMINDING LOCKS IS ONLY A HOBBY. HOWEVER, I HOPE TO MAKE IT MY LIFE WORK. PUBLICITY ON YOUR SHOW WILL HELP ME TERRIFICALLY!



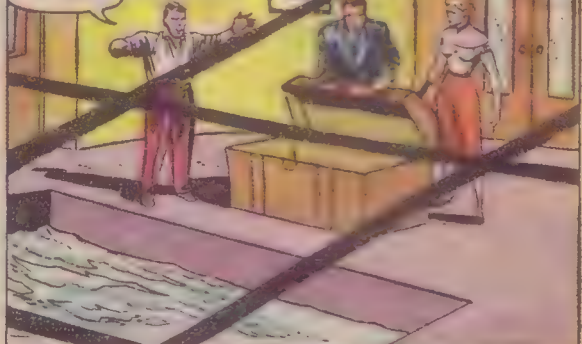
AS YOU CAN SEE -- I'M COMPLETELY HELPLESS -- CAN'T MOVE A MUSCLE. I DON'T WANT TO REVEAL MY SECRETS -- SO SUPPOSE YOU AND THE YOUNG LADY WAIT BEHIND THAT DOOR!



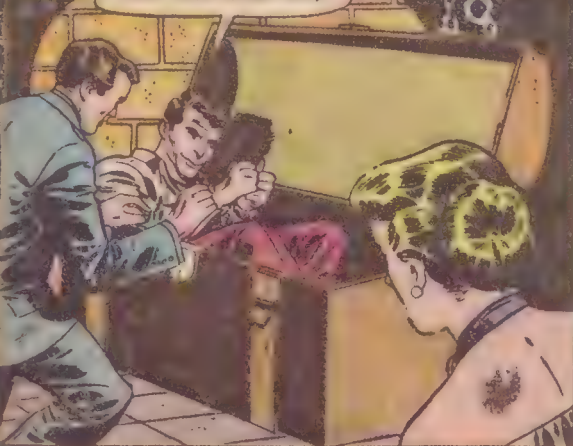
MINUTES LATER...

HERE I AM-- FREE AS A BIRD! NOW, PLEASE INSPECT THE LOCK ON THAT TRUNK, HAND-CUFF ME, LOCK ME IN, AND PLUNGE IT UNDER THAT WATER!

ROY--ARE...ARE YOU SURE IT'S SAFE?



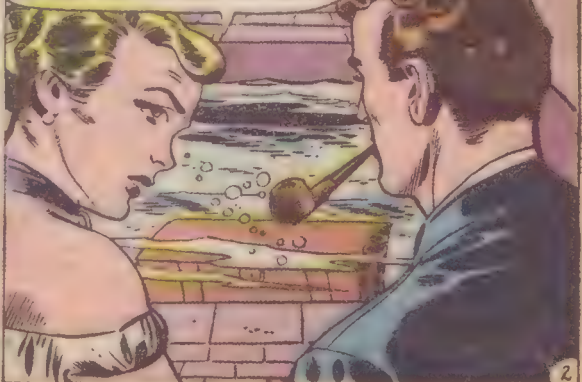
DON'T WORRY, MISS. YOU CAN DRAIN THE WATER FROM THE TANK IF I'M NOT OUT IN ONE MINUTE-- BUT I **WILL** BE! I'VE DEVOTED YEARS AND YEARS TO STUDYING LOCKS-- AND THERE ISN'T **ONE** THAT CAN HOLD ME!



SOON AFTER ROY HAS PLUNGED THE TRUNK INTO TEN FEET OF WATER...

H-HOW CAN HE DO IT? YOU YOURSELF STATED THAT THE LOCKS ARE GENUINE-- AND YOU SEARCHED HIM THOROUGHLY TO SEE THAT HE HAD NO KEY!

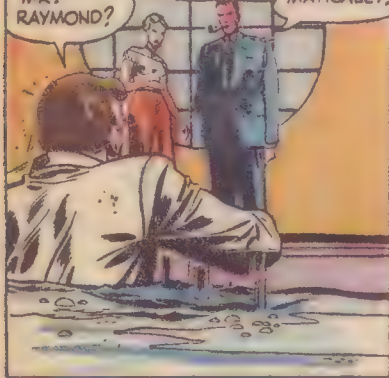
NOW, NOW-- DON'T FRET, KAREN. HE'S IN NO DANGER!



**A SCANT MINUTE LATER...**


WELL-- WHAT DO YOU THINK OF **THAT**, MR. RAYMOND?

IMPRESSED--BUT I NEED A LOT MORE PROOF THAN YOUR LITTLE EXHIBITION. I'VE KNOWN MEN WHO HAVE BUILT LOCKS TIMED TO OPEN AUTOMATICALLY...



...A MINUTE AFTER THEY WERE SNAPPED, AND I'VE ALSO HEARD OF LOCKS RIGGED TO OPEN AT THE SOUND OF A MAN'S VOICE. I'D BE IMPRESSED IF YOU GOT OUT OF A LOCKED SAFE THAT I PROVIDED!

JUST THE OPPORTUNITY I'VE WANTED! I'LL GET OUT OF ANY SAFE!




ALL I ASK IS A CHANCE TO SEE THE LOCK BEFORE THE... ER...LITTLE TEST... EVEN FROM A DISTANCE!

FAIR ENOUGH. COME, KAREN...WE'RE GOING TO THE IMPERIAL LOCK CO. AFTER I MAKE ARRANGEMENTS, YOU CAN GET IN TOUCH WITH CLINCH.



**SOME TIME LATER, IN THE OFFICES OF THE IMPERIAL LOCK COMPANY...**

YOU'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE, MR. RAYMOND. WITH A CENTURY'S EXPERIENCE IN LOCK-MAKING, OUR FIRM CAN GIVE YOU A SAFE AND **GUARANTEE** THAT IT'S FOOLPROOF! I'LL DONATE \$50,000 TO CHARITY IF CLINCH GETS OUT!



THERE'LL BE NO CHARGE FOR USE OF THE SAFE, MR. RAYMOND. IT WILL BE A GREAT TESTIMONIAL TO THE SECURITY PROVIDED BY OUR PRODUCTS! EXPECT IT IN YOUR STUDIO TUESDAY MORNING!

THANKS, MR. SANDERS. INFORM CLINCH, KAREN, SO THAT HE CAN HAVE A LOOK AT IT!




**SOME DAYS LATER...**

DOES ANYONE BESIDES YOU KNOW THE COMBINATION?

EVEN I DON'T! YOU'LL SET THE COMBINATION YOURSELF AND YOU **ALONE** WILL KNOW IT!

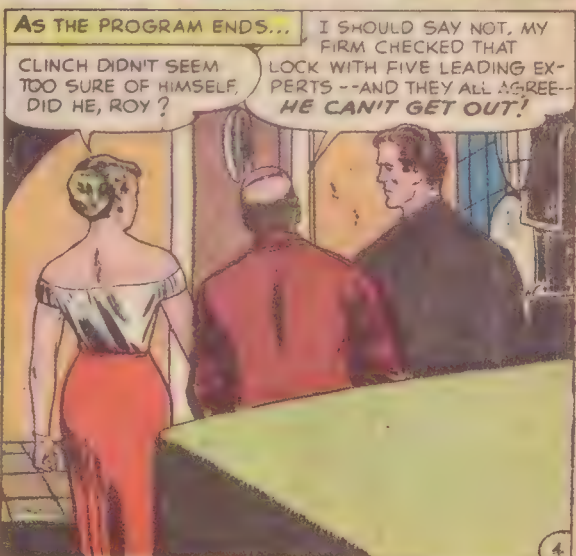
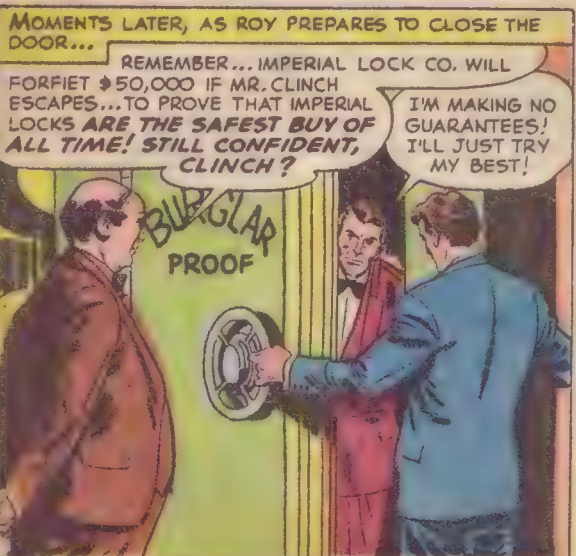
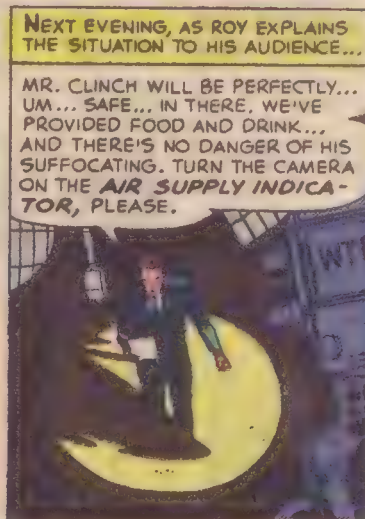
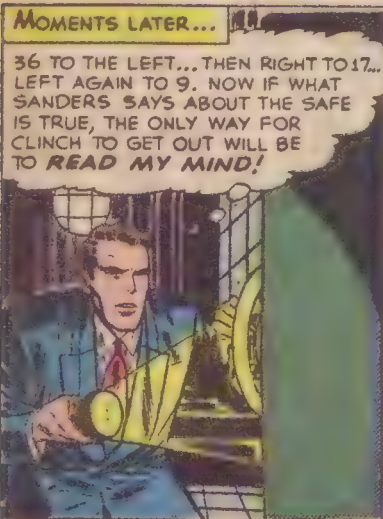
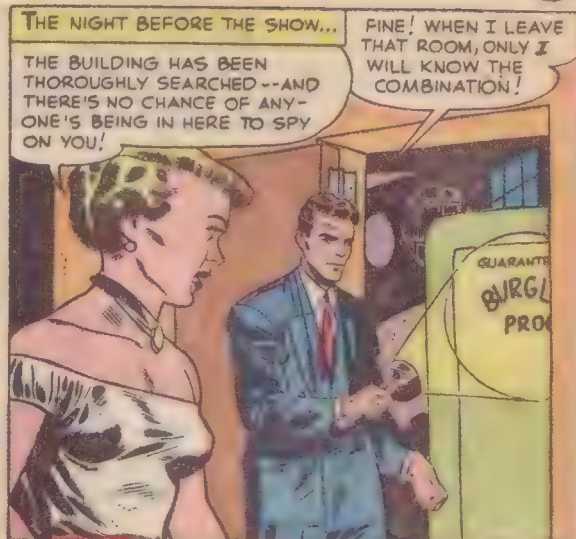
GUARANTEED BURGLAR PROOF



I SUGGEST YOU DELAY SETTING THE COMBINATION TILL THE NIGHT BEFORE THE SHOW -- AND DON'T TURN ON ANY LIGHTS! USE A FLASHLIGHT SO ONLY **YOU** CAN SEE THE NUMBERS YOU TURN TO!

EXCELLENT IDEA. I HAVE A FLASHLIGHT HERE IN THE OFFICE!





LATER THAT NIGHT, WHEN THE STUDIO IS DESERTED...

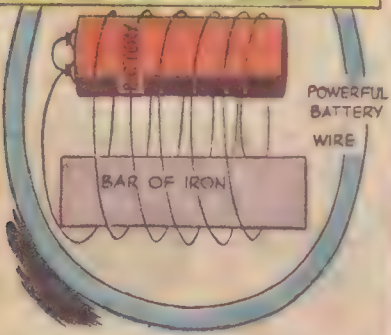
FOOLING RAYMOND WAS EASIER THAN I THOUGHT. I'D PLANNED TO HIDE A MOVIE CAMERA IN THE STUDIO TO FILM HIM SETTING THE COMBINATION--BUT MENTIONING THAT HE PLANNED TO USE A FLASHLIGHT WHILE I WAS THERE MADE IT SIMPLE AS A.B.C.!



I JUST SWITCHED HIS FLASHLIGHT WITH A DUPLICATE CONTAINING A TINY CONCEALED CAMERA! WHEN RAYMOND SNAPPED THE LIGHT ON, HE STARTED THE CAMERA AND TOOK PICTURES OF HIMSELF SETTING THE SAFE'S COMBINATION! HAVE TO BE CAREFUL NOT TO BE SEEN... THIS MEANS A FORTUNE TO ME!



ONCE I KNEW THE COMBINATION, A POWERFUL BATTERY, WIRED TO AN IRON BAR CONCEALED IN MY HEEL, ENABLED ME TO MOVE THE TUMBLERS FROM INSIDE THE SAFE!



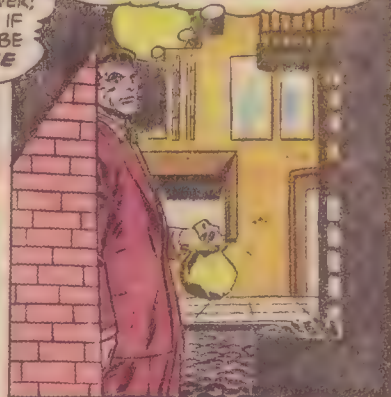
HEEL OF SHOE

LATER, IN A DISTANT PART OF TOWN...

BESIDES THE BOSS, I'M THE ONLY ONE IN THE FIRM WHO KNOWS WE HAVE THE STILLWAY DIAMONDS, AND THAT THEY'RE HIDDEN IN THIS SECRET DRAWER! I'D ALSO BE THE ONLY SUSPECT, IF IT WEREN'T THAT I'M SUPPOSED TO BE LOCKED IN A FOOLPROOF SAFE AT THIS VERY MOMENT!



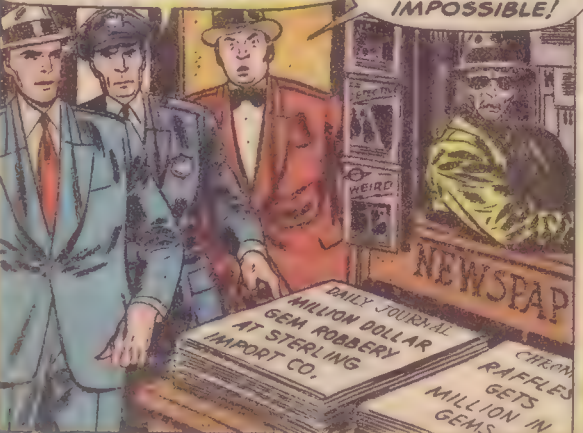
NOW TO HIDE THIS HAUL, AND STOW MYSELF AWAY AGAIN IN THAT SAFE. HA, HA! WHAT A SAP THAT RAYMOND IS! HELPING ME COMMIT THE PERFECT CRIME!



NEXT EVENING, AS ROY IS ON HIS WAY TO THE STUDIO...

I'M GOING IN WITH YOU, RAYMOND! IF CLINCH GOT OUT OF THAT SAFE, HE'S OUR NUMBER ONE SUSPECT!

I TELL YOU, SERGEANT, HE COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN OUT! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



INSIDE... THAT YOU, RAYMOND? GET ME OUT! I...I GUESS SANDERS WAS RIGHT. THIS LOCK JUST BAFFLED ME COMPLETELY!

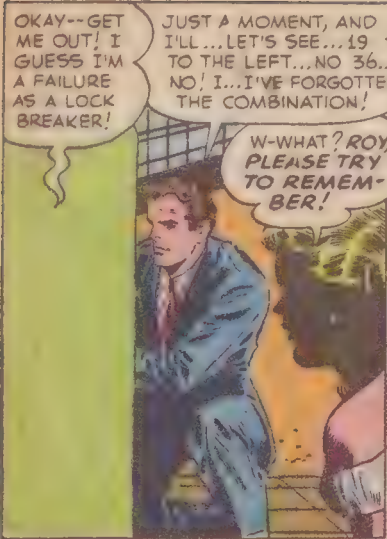
HMM... THAT CLEARS HIM. THE ONLY TROUBLE IS THERE'S NO ONE ELSE TO SUSPECT!



OKAY--GET ME OUT! I GUESS I'M A FAILURE AS A LOCK BREAKER!

JUST A MOMENT, AND I'LL...LET'S SEE...19 TO THE LEFT...NO 36... NO! I...I'VE FORGOTTEN THE COMBINATION!

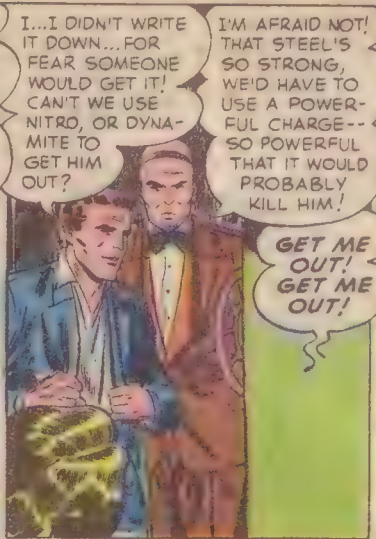
W-WHAT? ROY, PLEASE TRY TO REMEMBER!



I...I DIDN'T WRITE IT DOWN...FOR FEAR SOMEONE WOULD GET IT! CAN'T WE USE NITRO, OR DYNAMITE TO GET HIM OUT?

I'M AFRAID NOT! THAT STEEL'S SO STRONG, WE'D HAVE TO USE A POWERFUL CHARGE--SO POWERFUL THAT IT WOULD PROBABLY KILL HIM!

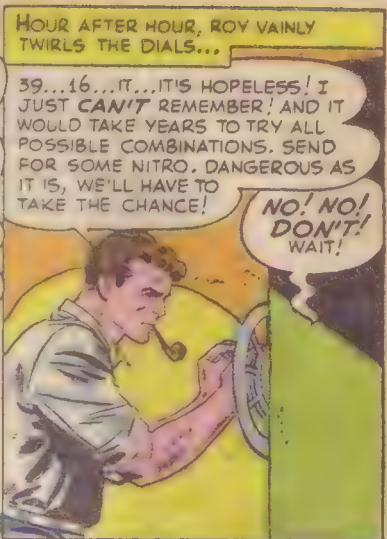
GET ME OUT! GET ME OUT!



HOOR AFTER HOUR, ROY VAINLY TWIRLS THE DIALS...

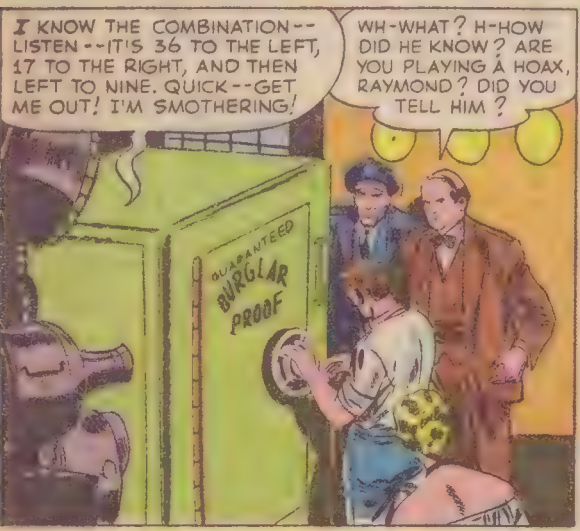
39...16...IT...IT'S HOPELESS! I JUST **CAN'T** REMEMBER! AND IT WOULD TAKE YEARS TO TRY ALL POSSIBLE COMBINATIONS. SEND FOR SOME NITRO. DANGEROUS AS IT IS, WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE CHANCE!

NO! NO! DON'T! WAIT!



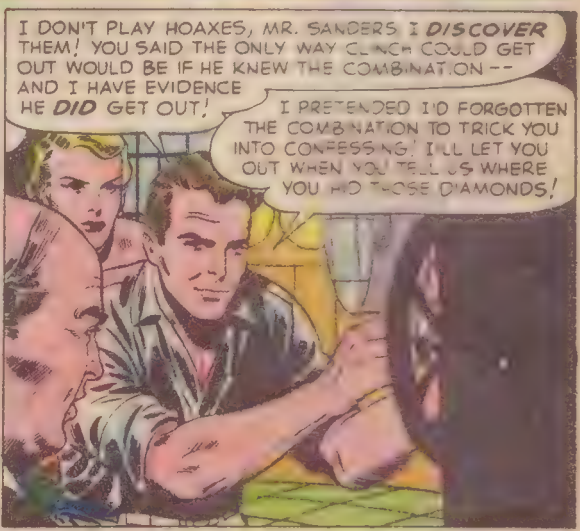
I KNOW THE COMBINATION--LISTEN--IT'S 36 TO THE LEFT, 17 TO THE RIGHT, AND THEN LEFT TO NINE. QUICK--GET ME OUT! I'M SMOTHERING!

WH-WHAT? H-HOW DID HE KNOW? ARE YOU PLAYING A HOAX, RAYMOND? DID YOU TELL HIM?



I DON'T PLAY HOAXES, MR. SANDERS I **DISCOVER** THEM! YOU SAID THE ONLY WAY CLINCH COULD GET OUT WOULD BE IF HE KNEW THE COMBINATION -- AND I HAVE EVIDENCE HE **DID** GET OUT!

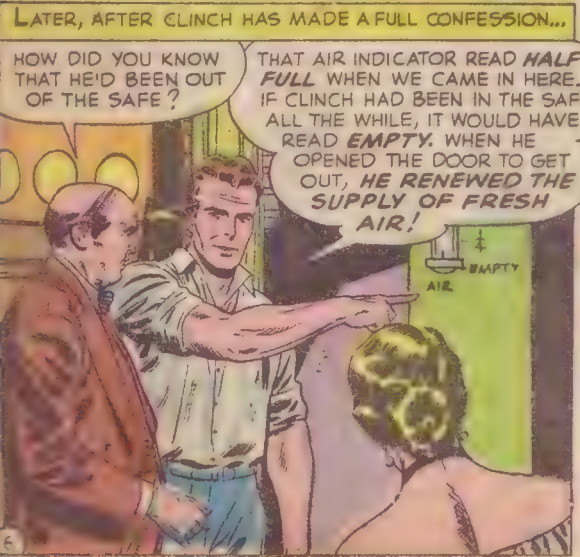
I PRETENDED I'D FORGOTTEN THE COMBINATION TO TRICK YOU INTO CONFESSING! I'LL LET YOU OUT WHEN YOU TELL US WHERE YOU HIDE THOSE DIAMONDS!



LATER, AFTER CLINCH HAS MADE A FULL CONFESSION...

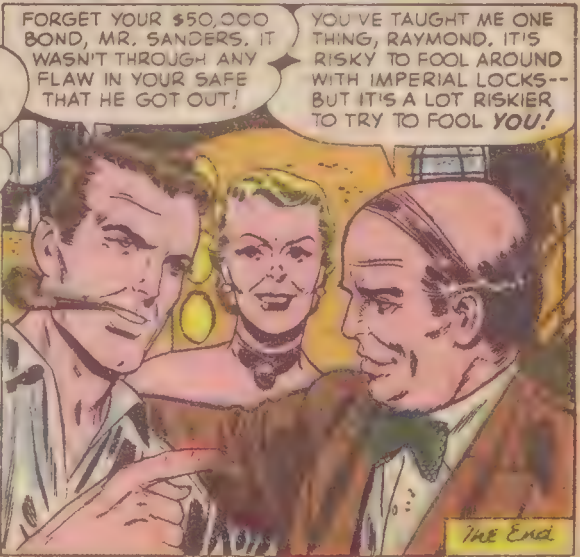
HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT HE'D BEEN OUT OF THE SAFE?

THAT AIR INDICATOR READ **HALF FULL** WHEN WE CAME IN HERE. IF CLINCH HAD BEEN IN THE SAFE ALL THE WHILE, IT WOULD HAVE READ **EMPTY**. WHEN HE OPENED THE DOOR TO GET OUT, HE **RENEWED THE SUPPLY OF FRESH AIR!**



FORGET YOUR \$50,000 BOND, MR. SANDERS. IT WASN'T THROUGH ANY FLAW IN YOUR SAFE THAT HE GOT OUT!

YOU'VE TAUGHT ME ONE THING, RAYMOND. IT'S RISKY TO FOOL AROUND WITH IMPERIAL LOCKS-- BUT IT'S A LOT RISKIER TO TRY TO FOOL **YOU!**



# "U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE

"BEATING THE  
BEACH BARRAGE"



U.S. ROYAL  
AND THE  
BIKE CLUB  
BOYS WATCH  
FROM A SAFE  
DISTANCE AS  
A GROUP OF  
NAVY  
DESTROYERS  
AND  
CRUISERS  
STEAM IN FOR  
FIRING  
PRACTICE...



IN A FEW MOMENTS NOW,  
THE SHIPS WILL MOVE IN  
AT FLANK SPEED AND LAY  
DOWN A BARRAGE ON  
THAT DESERTED SHORE...

BUT SUDDENLY, THROUGH HIS GLASSES,  
ROYAL SEES THAT THE SHORE IS  
NOT QUITE DESERTED!



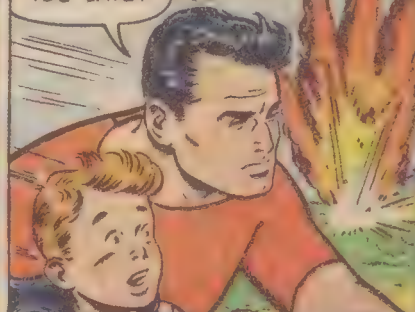
YOU FELLAS BIKE BACK TO THE  
NAVAL STATION FAST AND GET  
THEM TO WARN THOSE SHIPS!  
I'M GOING AFTER THAT KID  
IN THE  
MEANTIME...



WITH SUPER JET-SPEED, ROYAL  
STREAKS DOWN TO THE TARGET  
AREA AND --



PHUEWW! LUCKY FOR US I MADE  
IT, JUNIOR-- 'CAUSE IT LOOKS  
LIKE THE BOYS WERE  
TOO LATE!



JUST AS WE  
GOT TO THE  
RADIO-ROOM,  
WE HEARD THE  
FIRST SALVO!

YOU DID ALL  
RIGHT, BOYS... AND  
A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY  
WAS AVOIDED --  
THANKS  
TO ROYAL!

ROYAL BIKE TIRES,  
YOU MEAN... THAT'S  
WHERE THE SPEED  
CAME IN!



FELLAS, FOR REAL SPEED, YOU  
WANT A TIRE THAT COMBINES  
SAFETY AND EASY PEDALING. TRY  
U.S. ROYALS, WITH THE SPECIAL  
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN. THERE'S  
EXTRA MILEAGE IN  
THEM, TOO!



SPLIT-SECOND STOPS...  
FIRM FOOTING... AND PERFECT  
CONTROL ARE AT YOUR FOOT-  
TIPS WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON  
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH  
THE SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID  
CHAIN. BE SURE YOUR NEXT  
TIRES ARE ROYALS!

## U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES



Products of  
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

# ROBOTMAN

HEADLINES  
TELL OF A  
MYSTERIOUS **ROBOT-  
GIRL** AT WAR WITH  
THE UNDERWORLD --  
AND **ROBOTMAN** HOPES  
FOR A CRIMEFIGHTING  
PARTNER WHO, LIKE  
HIMSELF, COMBINES A  
BRILLIANT HUMAN BRAIN  
WITH MORE-THAN-HUMAN  
STRENGTH! BUT THINGS  
TURN OUT DIFFERENTLY  
WHEN IT DEVELOPS  
THAT **THE WIZARD**,  
RUTHLESS CRIMINAL  
GENIUS, IS ABLE TO  
USE SOME OF THE  
MOST DANGEROUS  
WEAPONS EVER IN-  
VENTED AGAINST HIS  
MOST DANGEROUS  
ENEMY, ONLY BECAUSE...

**"ROBOTMAN  
meets  
ROBOTGIRL!"**



PAUL  
DENNIS,  
WHO IS  
REALLY  
**ROBOTMAN**,  
FINDS  
TODAY'S  
HEADLINES  
HARD TO  
BELIEVE...

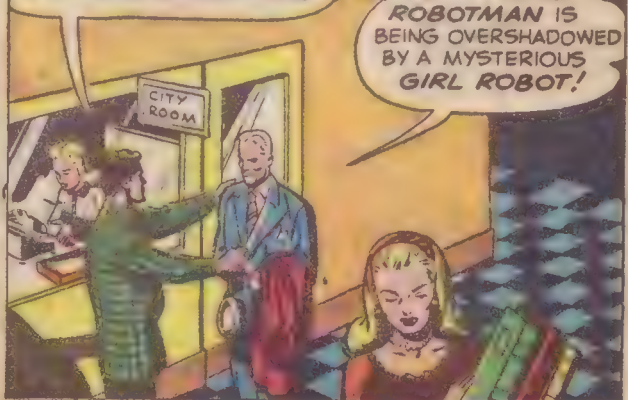
**ROBOTGIRL?** MUST BE  
A HOAX! THEN AGAIN--  
MAYBE I'M NOT THE WORLD'S  
**ONLY** ROBOT WITH A  
HUMAN BRAIN! I THINK  
I'LL PAY ADELE BAIRD  
A VISIT!

CRIMEFIGHTING  
ROBOTGIRL HOPES  
TO CATCH 'WIZARD'!  
METAL MISS APPEARS  
ON SCENE AS INVENTIVE  
CROOK SETS NEW  
ROBBERY RECORD  
BY ADELE BAIRD

LATER, IN THE **DAILY TELEGRAPH** NEWSROOM...

VINCE WATSON! WHAT'S AN  
ENGINEER LIKE YOU DOING  
IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE?

JUST VISITING, PAUL!  
BY THE WAY, I HEAR  
YOUR FRIEND  
**ROBOTMAN** IS  
BEING OVERSHADOWED  
BY A MYSTERIOUS  
GIRL ROBOT!



I DOUBT IT! NOBODY KNOWS BETTER THAN **ROBOTMAN** HOW MUCH BEGINNERS HAVE TO LEARN! ADELE BAIRD DOESN'T SEEM TO REALIZE!

SOMEBODY QUESTIONING MY INTELLIGENCE?

SO YOU'RE PAUL DENNIS, **ROBOTMAN'S FRIEND**? WHAT DID HE THINK OF MY STORY?

HE WAS INTERESTED AND SKEPTICAL, MISS BAIRD! HE'D LIKE TO MEET YOUR LADY ROBOT-- IF SHE ACTUALLY EXISTS!

**ROBOTGIRL** GUARDS HER EVERYDAY IDENTITY AS CAREFULLY AS **ROBOTMAN** DOES! BUT SHE'LL PROBABLY SCOUT THE FACTORY DISTRICT AFTER DARK, SINCE **THE WIZARD** AND HIS GANG ROB INDUSTRIAL PLANTS!

THEN SHE AND **ROBOTMAN** MAY MEET THERE! AND IT MAY BE LUCKY FOR HER-- BECAUSE **THE WIZARD** IS THE MOST DANGEROUS CROOK AT LARGE RIGHT NOW!

THAT NIGHT, AS PAUL SHEDS HIS **PLASTIC, HUMAN DISGUISE**-- TO BECOME **ROBOTMAN**-- HIS HUMAN BRAIN SEETHES WITH QUESTIONS...

IS THERE REALLY A **ROBOTGIRL** OR DID ADELE BAIRD MAKE IT ALL UP? MAYBE IT'S A TRICK OF **THE WIZARD'S** TO ELIMINATE ME, BECAUSE I'VE SPOILED SOME OF HIS CLEVEREST JOBS!

AT THAT MOMENT, NOT FAR AWAY...

THERE THEY GO, INTO THE NORTON PLANT, JUST AS MY MYSTERIOUS TIPSTER SAID! IF ONLY **ROBOTMAN** SHOWS UP! IN SPITE OF ADELE BAIRD'S STORY, I'D HATE TO TACKLE **THE WIZARD** ALONE!

AS FOR THE STRANGE CRIMINAL GENIUS KNOWN ONLY AS **THE WIZARD**-- HE AND HIS HENCHMEN HAVE GONE STRAIGHT TO THE FACTORY OFFICE, WHERE...

HURRY! **ROBOTGIRL'S** OUTSIDE, AND **ROBOTMAN**, MY MOST DANGEROUS ENEMY, MAY BE ALONG ANY MINUTE! I'LL WANT TO GIVE THEM MY FULL ATTENTION!

I'M DOIN' MY BEST, **WIZARD**!

MOMENTS LATER, AS **ROBOTMAN** ARRIVES OUTSIDE...

HUH? **ROBOTGIRL**! EVEN THOUGH I WAS LOOKING FOR YOU, I WASN'T A BIT SURE YOU EXISTED!

**ROBOTMAN**! THANK GOODNESS! **THE WIZARD** AND TWO OF HIS GANG ARE IN THAT FACTORY!



CAUTIOUSLY, THEY APPROACH THE BUILDING, AND...

HERE'S THE HANDIEST WINDOW! BUT THOSE BARS...

WHEN WE GET ACQUAINTED, I'LL TEACH YOU HOW TO **TWIST AND SNAP CHILLED STEEL!** BUT RIGHT NOW, IT'S BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE!

BUT AS THEY CHARGE INTO THE FACTORY OFFICE...

THERE THEY ARE! MY GAS PISTOL-- WILL-- OOPS!

**ROBOTMAN!** I WAS EXPECTING YOU TO DROP IN WITH **ROBOT-GIRL!** AND-- HA, HA-- WHAT A "DROP" IT WILL BE!

THE WIZARD'S SPOTTED US, SO WE CAN'T SURPRISE-- WHAT??

A WIRE NET! WE'RE TRAPPED LIKE ANIMALS!

AND THAT ISN'T ALL! LOOK DOWN BELOW, AND SEE WHERE YOU'LL LAND WHEN THIS ACID EATS THROUGH THE ROPE!

OH-H-H-H...

A CRUCIBLE OF **MOLTEN METAL!**

AND YOU'LL BOTH BE A PART OF IT-- **MELTED COMPLETELY--** IN NO TIME! HA, HA... THIS IS REAL WIZARDRY-- MAKING **ROBOTMAN** AND **ROBOTGIRL** VANISH FOREVER, WITHOUT A TRACE!

THE ARCH-CRIMINAL AND HIS AIDES DEPART-- AND AS THE ROPE PARTS, A STRAND AT A TIME...

SHE'S FAINTED! SOME CRIMEFIGHTER! HERE'S HOPING THE ROPE HOLDS TILL MY **SCISSORS FINGERS** CAN CUT THE NET OPEN!

THE NET DROPS-- BUT **ROBOTMAN'S** ARM, LENGTHENING AS IF BY MAGIC, GRASPS THE EDGE OF THE FLOOR IN THE NICK OF TIME...

TELESCOPING ARMS ARE HANDY AT TIMES! WE'RE SAFE-- AND SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'LL BOTH BE SAFER IF **ROBOTGIRL** AND I PART COMPANY BEFORE SHE LEADS ME INTO ANOTHER TRAP!

OH-H-H... I-- I MUST HAVE FAINTED!

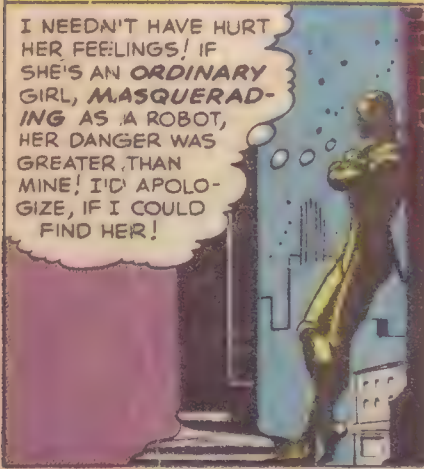
AND SO... ROBOTS WHO FAINT-- AND, INTENTIONALLY OR NOT, STEER OTHERS INTO DEATH TRAPS-- HAVE TO BE CAREFUL! YOU'D BETTER GO HOME... I'LL CARRY ON BY MYSELF!

SURELY YOU DON'T THINK I DELIBERATELY LED YOU-- WAIT, **ROBOTMAN!** PLEASE LISTEN!

OH-- HE'S GOING! I-- I'VE FAILED!

BUT THE **WIZARD'S** GETAWAY IS COMPLETE -- AND PRESENTLY, AS **ROBOTMAN'S** THOUGHTS RETURN TO HIS RECENT COMPANION...

I NEEDN'T HAVE HURT HER FEELINGS! IF SHE'S AN **ORDINARY** GIRL, **MASQUERADING** AS A ROBOT, HER DANGER WAS GREATER THAN MINE! I'D APOLOGIZE, IF I COULD FIND HER!



LATER, AS HE PROWLs DESERTED STREETS, HIS HEADSET PICKS UP A FRAGMENTARY RADIO MESSAGE...

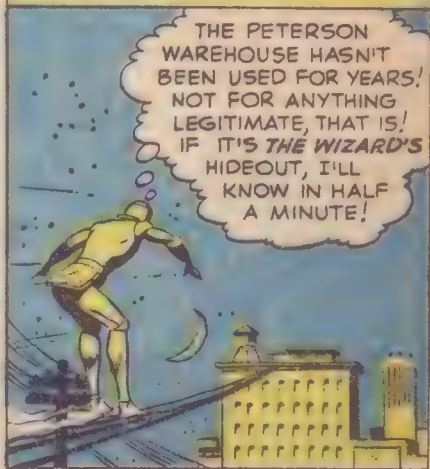
ROBOTMAN! PLEASE LISTEN! ON ROOF-- PETERSON WAREHOUSE-- BY RIVER-- AW-W-W-K! CLICK!

HER VOICE! MUST HAVE BEEN A **PORTABLE TRANSMITTER** IN THAT BAG SHE CARRIED! COULD BE A TRICK -- BUT I'LL RISK IT!



GROOVED WHEELS AND A GYRO-SCOPIC BALANCING DEVICE SPEED THE JET-PROPELLED MANHUNTER ALONG LOFTY CABLES...

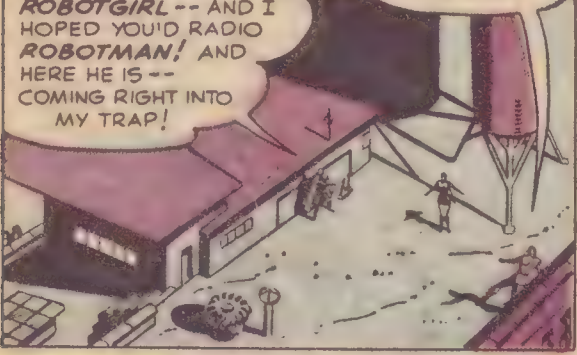
THE PETERSON WAREHOUSE HASN'T BEEN USED FOR YEARS! NOT FOR ANYTHING LEGITIMATE, THAT IS! IF IT'S THE **WIZARD'S** HIDEOUT, I'LL KNOW IN HALF A MINUTE!



AND WHERE A PENTHOUSE RISES ATOP THE ABANDONED BUILDING...

I KNEW, IF YOU SURVIVED, YOU'D PHONE THE NUMBER MY TIPSTER GAVE YOU, **ROBOTGIRL** -- AND I HOPED YOU'D RADIO **ROBOTMAN**! AND HERE HE IS -- COMING RIGHT INTO MY TRAP!

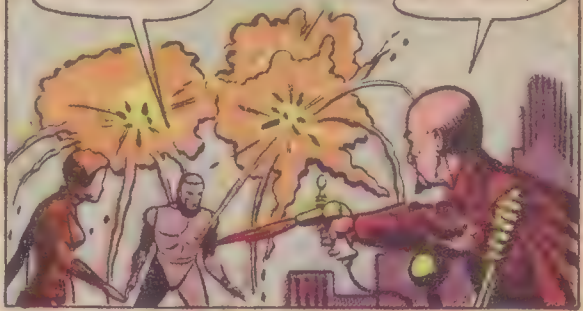
I WON'T MIND, IF I CAN MANAGE TO CATCH YOU IN IT, TOO!



EXPLOSIVE BULLETS HIT ROBOTMAN'S METAL BODY -- BUT THEY FAIL TO STOP HIM...

BULLETS DON'T BOTHER ME A BIT... YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT BY NOW, **WIZARD**!

YOU'VE A TOUGHER HIDE THAN I THOUGHT! OH, WELL... I HAVE OTHER, MORE POTENT, WEAPONS!

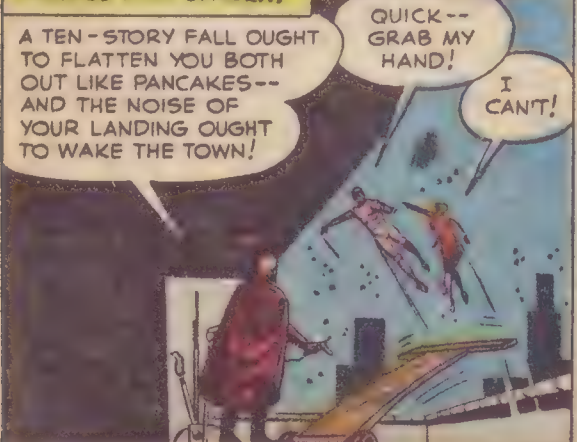


WITHOUT WARNING, A HUGE BATTERING RAM LEAPS FORTH, CATAPULTING BOTH METAL-CLAD FIGURES INTO SPACE...

A TEN-STORY FALL OUGHT TO FLATTEN YOU BOTH OUT LIKE PANCAKES -- AND THE NOISE OF YOUR LANDING OUGHT TO WAKE THE TOWN!

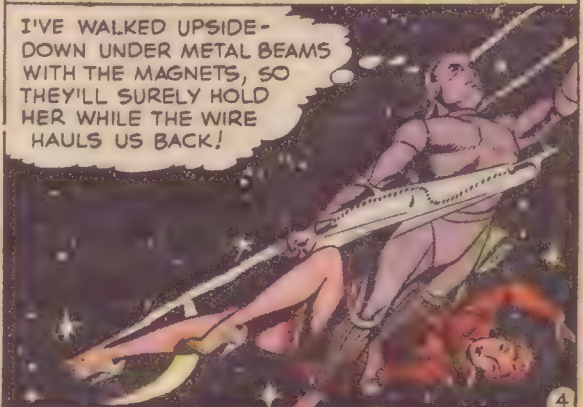
QUICK -- GRAB MY HAND!

I CAN'T!



BUT **ROBOTMAN'S** FEET TOUCH THE FALLING GIRL... AND HE SWITCHES ON POWERFUL ELECTRO-MAGNETS WITHIN THEM... AND FIRES A DART-TIPPED WIRE FROM A WRIST TUBE...

I'VE WALKED UPSIDE-DOWN UNDER METAL BEAMS WITH THE MAGNETS, SO THEY'LL SURELY HOLD HER WHILE THE WIRE HAULS US BACK!



A POWER REEL IN THE METAL MARVEL'S CHEST RAISES THEM-- BUT THE MURDEROUS **WIZARD** IS NOT YET FINISHED...

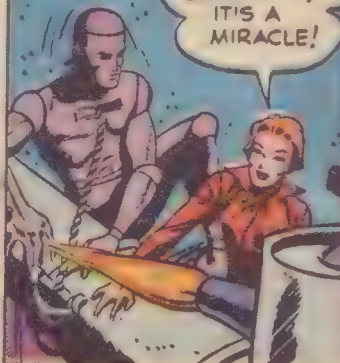
SMART, AREN'T YOU? SO SMART I CAN'T AFFORD TO LET YOU LIVE! WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN I BURN THAT TIN ARM OF YOURS RIGHT OFF?

I'LL STILL HAVE AN ARM LEFT-- WHICH IS ALL I'LL NEED TO TAKE CARE OF YOU!



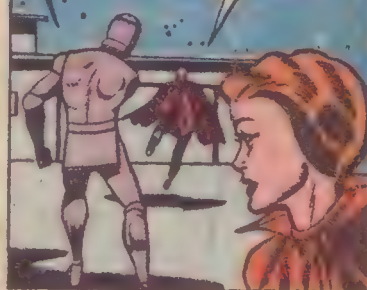
LUCKILY, I HAVE PLENTY OF SPARE ARMS AT HOME -- SOME OF THEM BETTER THAN THAT ONE! THAT'S ONE ADVANTAGE ROBOTS HAVE OVER HUMANS!

SAFE! I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT! IT'S A MIRACLE!



WANT TO TRY YOUR TWO ARMS AGAINST MY ONE, **WIZARD**? OR ARE YOU READY TO ADMIT YOU'RE FINISHED?

FINISHED? DON'T BE RIDICULOUS! I STILL HAVE AN EXCELLENT SCIENTIFIC WEAPON LEFT! THE **DEADLIEST OF THE LOT!**



THIS WILL THROW AN ARTIFICIAL LIGHTNING-BOLT, POWERFUL ENOUGH TO FUSE A LOCOMOTIVE, STRAIGHT AT THE NEAREST METAL OBJECT-- WHICH IS **YOU!** FROM NOW ON, YOU'LL NEVER INTERFERE IN ANOTHER CRIME OF MINE!

YOU'RE IN FOR A DISAPPOINTMENT, **WIZARD!**



A GIGANTIC SPARK CRASHES AND CRACKLES, SEARING AND TWISTING THE NEAREST METAL -- BUT **NOT** ROBOTMAN!

THERE YOU ARE -- AN ARTIFICIAL LIGHTNING-ROD! AND SEEING WHAT HAPPENED, I'M JUST AS GLAD IT WAS THERE TO TAKE THE JOLT!

MISSED! YOU TRICKED ME! AND IT'LL TAKE HOURS TO BUILD UP ANOTHER CHARGE LIKE THAT IN THE CONDENSER!



WAIT! I THINK YOU'VE BEEN TRICKING ME, TOO, **WIZARD!**

**ROBOTGIRL'S** HAND DARTS FORTH TOWARD THE **WIZARD'S** BEARD -- AND, AT LONG LAST, THE ARCH-CRIMINAL IS EXPOSED!

**VINCE WATSON!**

THE MAN WHO HELPED ME IMPERSONATE A ROBOT TO GET AN UNUSUAL FEATURE STORY-- AND PHONED ME MYSTERIOUS TIPS, WHICH LED TO DEATH TRAPS FOR **ROBOTMAN!**

FOR **ROBOTMAN**-- AND YOU, TOO!

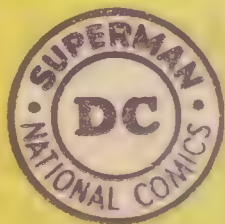


AND I WILL KILL YOU-- BOTH OF YOU! I'LL -- **NO! NO!**

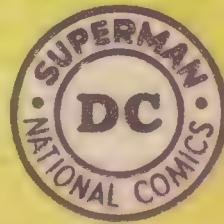
**ROBOTMAN! HELP!**

TOO LATE, **ROBOTGIRL!** IT'S ALL OVER!





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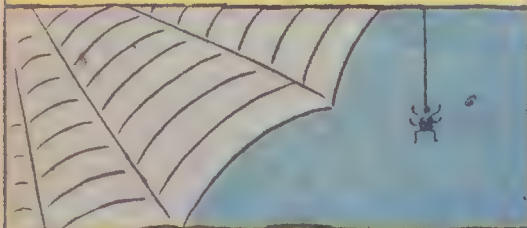
**CHARLIE WILD** PRIVATE DETECTIVE

EVEN WRESTLING WITH KILLERS DOESN'T MUSS MY HAIR, BECAUSE I USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL!



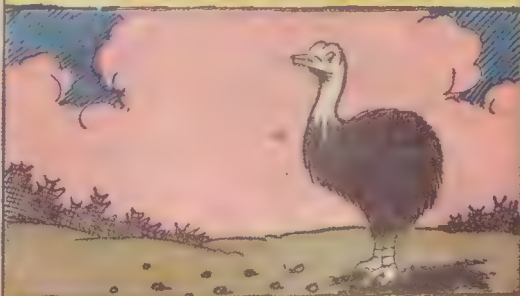
# QUICK QUIZ

IF A POUND OF SPIDER WEB WERE LAID TO END.... HOW FAR WOULD IT EXTEND?



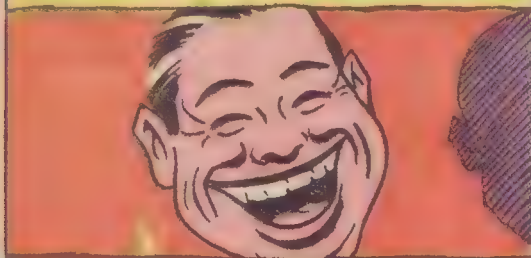
IT WOULD BE LONG ENOUGH TO ENCIRCLE THE EARTH AT THE EQUATOR!

WHAT IS THE DIET OF NEWLY-BORN OSTRICHES?



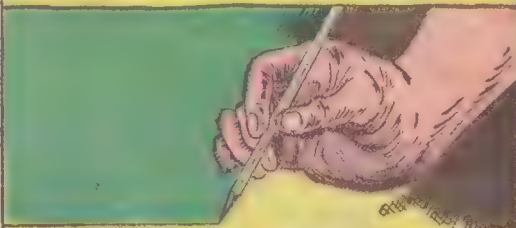
NOTHING BUT **STONES**.... FOR THE FIRST WEEK!

WHICH REQUIRES USE OF MORE MUSCLES.... SMILING OR FROWNING?



**FROWNING!** ONLY 13 MUSCLES ARE NEEDED TO SMILE... 50 TO FROWN! IT'S MUCH EASIER TO SMILE!

HOW LONG A LINE CAN BE DRAWN WITH AN ORDINARY LEAD PENCIL?



A CONTINUOUS LINE... **38 MILES** LONG.... CAN BE MADE WITH AN ORDINARY LEAD PENCIL!

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**RIDDLE ME THIS** by Necco



WHAT WELL-KNOWN RULER HAS THREE FEET BUT NO LEGS?

GIVE UP? SEE BELOW\*

\*YOU ONLY HAVE ONE LEG!



WHAT CANDY IS ALWAYS A ROYAL TREAT? THAT'S SIMPLE... THAT'S DEE-LICIOUS **NECCO WAFERS!**



A LOT FOR A LITTLE!



# KEYS *for* ANY KINGDOM

**W**ITH a two-and-a-half ton stockpile of tiny steel parts, Martin K. Tytell, an ingenious New Yorker, does an annual business of \$250,000. His metal hoard consists of type faces which can spell out the alphabet in more than 150 languages and dialects. By mounting them in standard typewriters, Tytell has no trouble translating these exotic vowels and bizarre consonants into hard American cash.

A literal king of the keys, he can make your typewriter tap out "Yours of the 15th instant . . ." in Sanskrit, Korean, Kata Kana, Russian, Portuguese, Lettish, Slohg, Croatian or any other language ever spoken this side of the Tower of Babel.

If your business requires you to communicate in Arabic, Hindustani, Hebrew or Urdu, Tytell is your man. The fact that these languages must be written backwards in comparison to English is a mere detail. The carriage on a normal typewriter travels from right to left because a pinion gear in the rear kicks it that way whenever you strike the space-bar or a key. But after the proper alphabet is installed, Tytell puts in an extra steel gear between the pinion and the letter-spacing rack, and the carriage moves to the right. Many a foreign diplomat has hung his fez,

turban or tarboosh on Tytell's hatrack while waiting for a standard machine to undergo this reverse English treatment, and Tytell has never disappointed him.

As owner, inventor and head mechanic of the Tytell Foreign Language Typewriter Company, Tytell has built himself a competition-free business with customers all over the civilized—and uncivilized—world. American manufacturers have long built machines with alphabets for the most commonly spoken languages, but Tytell is probably the only man specializing in converting new and used American machines into the less familiar tongues. His clients are professors, language students, United Nations delegates, foreign shipping lines, export companies, and Hollywood film studios. One of his most recent orders was from the Vatican.

Tytell has made some remarkable change-overs. Some years ago, when he was asked to convert a typewriter to Persian, he was almost stumped. Persian is written like script. All the letters must meet, and the position of a letter indicates its sound. Undaunted, Tytell located a cooperative Persian instructor, and they went to work studying Persian documents to determine

which characters recur most frequently so that these keys could be located strategically on the keyboard. Because there was not time enough to manufacture Persian type faces, Tytell decided to modify already existing keys from other languages. Working with a hand file, he reversed and altered slightly a letter from one language, turned sideways the punctuation mark of another, disfigured still others, and in ten days had the Persian keyboard complete.

Tytell's typewriter tricks are not restricted to alphabets. He designs special keyboards for chemists, druggists, electrical engineers and meteorologists which they can use to tap out the unique symbols of their trade. For an astronomer, he constructed a typewriter with type faces consisting of comets, stars, ringed planets and other interplanetary denizens. A famous mystery writer had him remove one key and replace it with a skull and crossbones, and more than one Tin Pan Alley composer has had Tytell build a machine which could type musical notes.

The manufacture of a new type face is an art in itself. First, Tytell consults his six huge albums of the world's alphabets to check the accuracy of the letter to be made. The artist then draws a mammoth blueprint, fifty times the size of the letter-to-be. This drawing is then traced with a planigraph. The business end of the planigraph (an instrument somewhat similar to a locksmith's tool for whittling out a duplicate key) cuts into a steel plate and carves out a tiny replica of its giant original. This is the master die.

This die is then attached to the shank of a punch-cutting machine which hydraulically knuckles out the desired number of the new letters from a piece

of strip steel. After its edges are trimmed, each character is casehardened in bone meal or cyanide, dunked in acid for cleaning, given a "copper flash" so that it will retain a coating, and then nickel-plated. It is now ready for soldering to a key.

Tytell found his life work while a student in a Brooklyn high school. He took a typewriter apart with a Boy Scout knife and became frightened at the 550 pieces. A repairman was called. Next day, the boy dismembered the machine again, and again the repairman was called. On his third trip to the school, the exasperated repairman said: "Look, kid, if you're going to keep tearing these things apart, you'd better learn how to put the pieces back again."

Tytell took his advice, and has not known a dull moment since. Among his assignments was a rush order from the O.S.S. during the war. He built a batch of machines for them that could type in 16 languages, and they were parachuted to operatives working behind the lines. At the other extreme, he recently designed a keyboard with the diamond, club, spade, and heart symbols for Albert H. Morehard, the bridge columnist.

Lately, he's tackled the problem of handicapped persons, and has developed a special keyboard which enables an amputee with one hand to type about 54 words a minute—not a bad score for a two-handed typist. He's also worked out a device to help spastics and other paralytics who have trouble making certain motions with their hands. He calls these projects hobbies, but actually they are all a part of his job of making the typewriter a universal writing tool.

—Mort Weisinger



# POW-WOW SMITH



A MYSTERIOUS MISSION  
WITH AN UNKNOWN PURPOSE!  
A STRANGE TREK THROUGH  
DESOLATE COUNTRY WHERE  
HUMAN ENEMIES COMBINE TO  
MULTIPLY THE PERILS OF NATURE!  
FOLLOW THE FAMED INDIAN  
LAWMAN, **POW-WOW SMITH**,  
AND HIS COMPANIONS FROM RED  
DEER VALLEY AS THEY SKILLFULLY  
SCOUT THE DANGEROUS...

"Trail of the  
**SECRET  
CAVE!**"

FIFTY MILES NORTH OF RED DEER VALLEY, A SMALL PLANE STALLS DANGEROUSLY OVER A ROCKY CANYON...

SHE'S MISSING BAD, J.B. IF I CAN GET PAST THIS CANYON, I'LL TRY FOR A CRASH LANDING. IF I AIN'T IN CONDITION TO WALK, YOU'LL HAVE TO COME UP AND GET ME OUT OF THIS WILDERNESS...



HERE I GO! JUST IN CASE I KONK OUT IN THE CRACK-UP, LOOK FOR A STEEPLE-LIKE ROCK FORMATION NORTH OF THE CANYON. IT'S THE ONLY DISTINCTIVE LAND-MARK AROUND HERE!



KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED! THE GROUND'S COMING UP FAST-- OOF!



EARLY NEXT MORNING, A CHAUF- FEUR-DRIVEN LIMOUSINE BRINGS AN IMPRESSIVE LOOKING VISITOR TO RED DEER VALLEY...

I WANT THREE EXPERT TRAILS- MEN, THE BRAVEST AND TOUGHEST AMONG YOU FOR A TOP-SECRET MISSION. IT'LL BE MOST DAN- GEROUS BECAUSE OF HUMAN AS WELL AS NATURAL ENEMIES. THAT'S ALL I CAN REVEAL NOW!

A STRANGE REQUEST!



KNOWN ELSEWHERE AS POW-WOW SMITH, INDIAN LAWMAN, OHIYESA COMES FORWARD AS SPOKESMAN...

CAN YOU ASSURE US THAT THIS SECRECY IS NOT A MEANS OF EVADING THE LAW?

IF ANYTHING IM- PROPER IS ASKED OF THEM, THE MEN MAY QUIT. I'LL PAY \$10,000 TO THIS VILLAGE NOW, AND AN EQUAL SUM ON COMPLETION OF THE MISSION!



AS THE REDMEN WITHDRAW TO CONFER...

TRULY, THIS STRANGE PROPOSAL INTRIGUES ME, ESPECIALLY SINCE THE MONEY WOULD COMPLETE OUR NEW SCHOOL FUND. BUT I WOULDN'T ADVISE OTHERS TO JOIN ME!

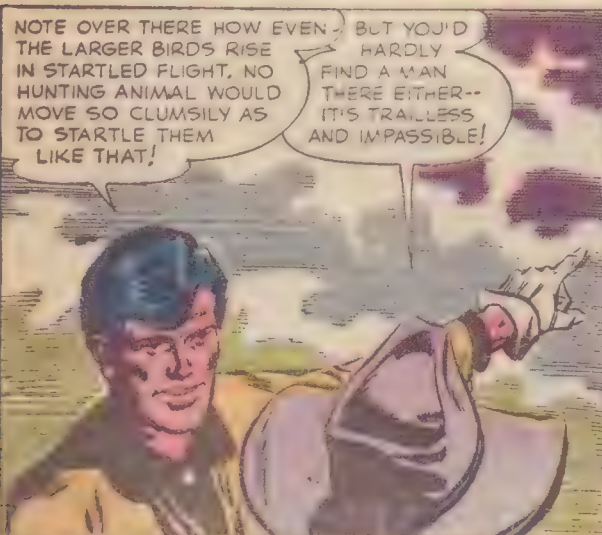
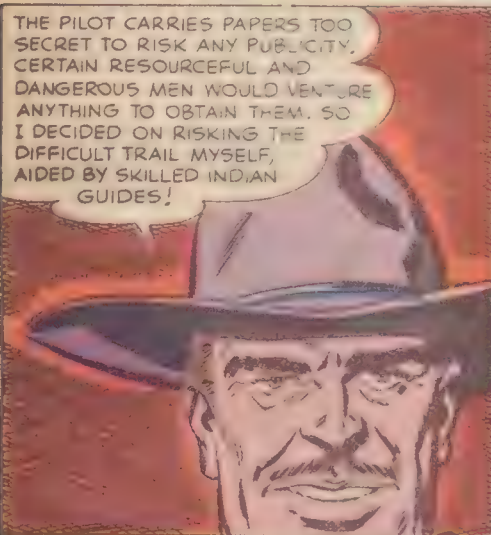
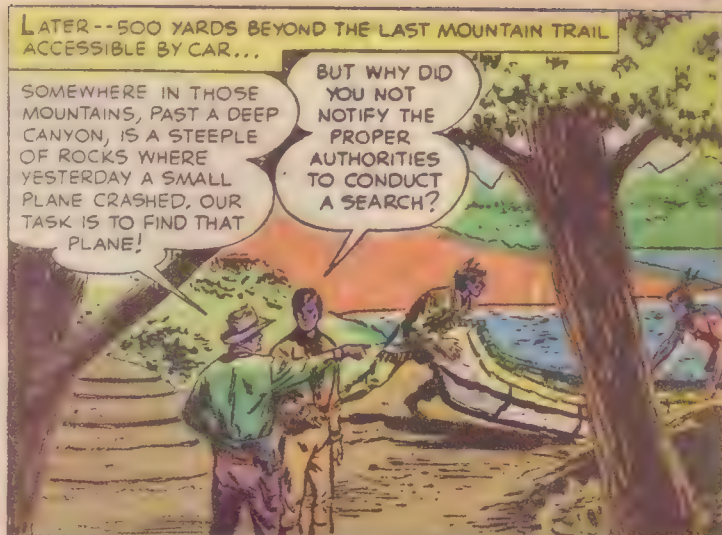
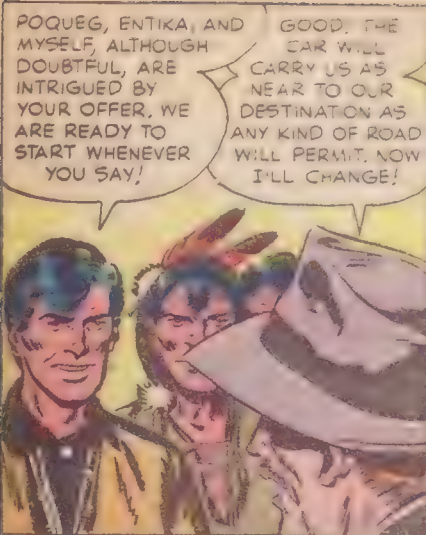


OHIYESA-- IF YOU GO, I GO!

AND SO DO I! MY WARRIOR'S BLOOD YEARN'S FOR EXCITEMENT!

VERY WELL!







AFTER WORKING HIS WAY CAUTIOUSLY DOWN THE BRUSH-TANGLED SLOPE...

AZZAM'S CAR! IT MUST'VE DRIVEN OFF THAT CLIFF ROAD ABOVE ON THE WAY BACK AFTER LEAVING US! BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF THE DRIVER! HM...



AFTER RETURNING TO HIS COMPANIONS TO REPORT HIS DISCOVERY...

MY CHAUFFEUR'S TOO GOOD A DRIVER FOR SUCH AN ACCIDENT! THE MEN SEEKING THOSE PAPERS MUST HAVE NABBED HIM AND THEN TRIED TO DISPOSE OF THE CAR! WHICH MEANS THEY'RE ALREADY ON OUR TRAIL! WE'LL NEVER EVADE THEM NOW!

YES WE CAN!



THE LORICHIKI RIVER! WITH A MASTER OARSMAN LIKE POQUEG HERE, WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO PADDLE UP ITS TREACHEROUS CURRENT! IT'S DANGEROUS-- BUT I DOUBT IF OUR PURSUERS WOULD BE EQUAL TO FOLLOWING US! SHALL WE RISK IT?

WE'VE GOT TO! LET'S GET STARTED!



CUTTING HASTILY THROUGH A NECK OF THE WOODS, THE GROUP QUICKLY RISKS THE CHURNING, ROCK-STREWN RIVER...

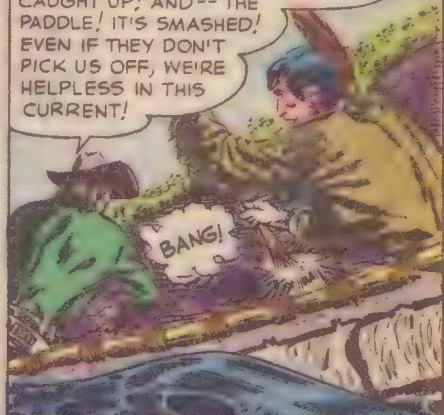
BY ADROIT PADDLING, IT IS POSSIBLE TO GET UPSTREAM BY TAKING ADVANTAGE OF AREAS OF CALM WATER FORMED BY THE MANY ROCKS!



SUDDENLY, AS POQUEG DEFTLY GUIDES THE BOBBING CRAFT INTO MIDSTREAM...

RIFLE SHOTS! THEY'VE ALREADY CAUGHT UP! AND -- THE PADDLE! IT'S SMASHED! EVEN IF THEY DON'T PICK US OFF, WE'RE HELPLESS IN THIS CURRENT!

BANG!

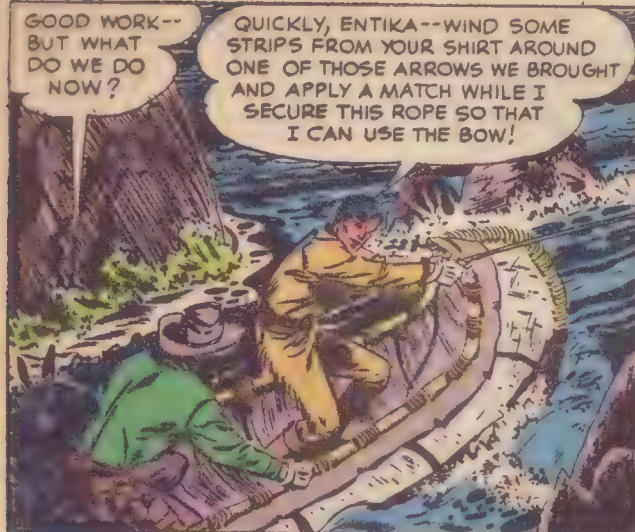


QUICK! OHYESA-- THE ROPE!--OR WE'LL BE SMASHED AGAINST THE ROCKS!



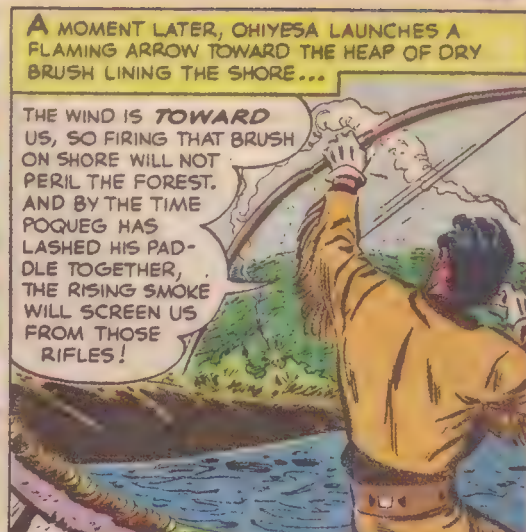
HAVE TO MAKE THIS ON THE FIRST TRY, OR IT'LL BE TOO LATE!





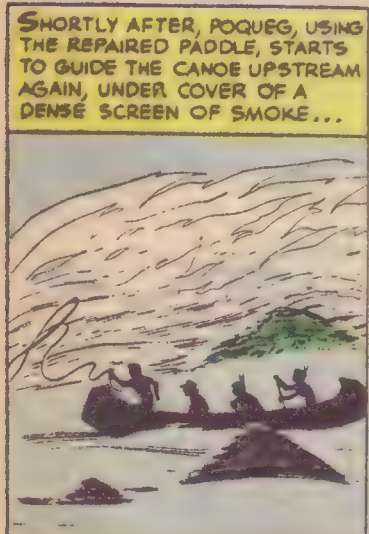
GOOD WORK--  
BUT WHAT  
DO WE DO  
NOW?

QUICKLY, ENTIKA--WIND SOME  
STRIPS FROM YOUR SHIRT AROUND  
ONE OF THOSE ARROWS WE BROUGHT  
AND APPLY A MATCH WHILE I  
SECURE THIS ROPE SO THAT  
I CAN USE THE BOW!

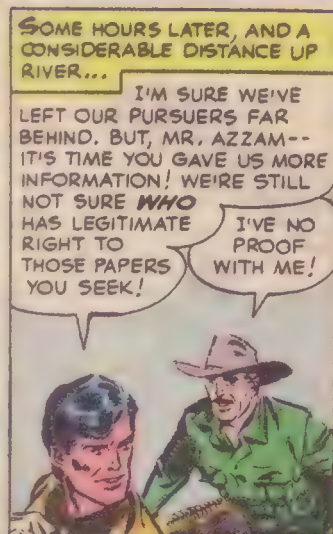


A MOMENT LATER, OHIYESA LAUNCHES A  
FLAMING ARROW TOWARD THE HEAP OF DRY  
BRUSH LINING THE SHORE...

THE WIND IS **TOWARD**  
US, SO FIRING THAT BRUSH  
ON SHORE WILL NOT  
PERIL THE FOREST.  
AND BY THE TIME  
POQUEG HAS  
LASHED HIS PAD-  
DLE TOGETHER,  
THE RISING SMOKE  
WILL SCREEN US  
FROM THOSE  
RIFLES!



SHORTLY AFTER, POQUEG, USING  
THE REPAIRED PADDLE, STARTS  
TO GUIDE THE CANOE UPSTREAM  
AGAIN, UNDER COVER OF A  
DENSE SCREEN OF SMOKE...



SOME HOURS LATER, AND A  
CONSIDERABLE DISTANCE UP  
RIVER...

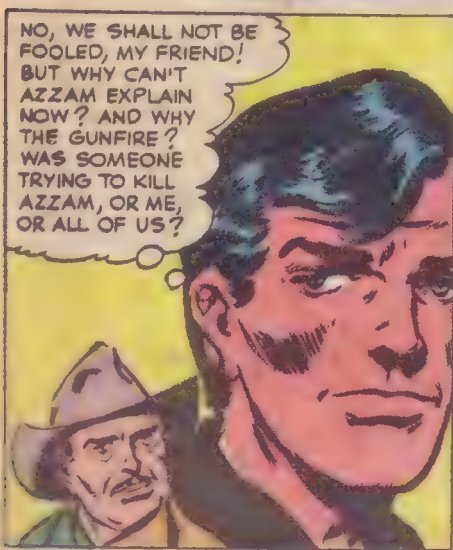
I'M SURE WE'VE  
LEFT OUR PURSUERS FAR  
BEHIND. BUT, MR. AZZAM--  
IT'S TIME YOU GAVE US MORE  
INFORMATION! WE'RE STILL  
NOT SURE **WHO**  
HAS LEGITIMATE  
RIGHT TO  
THOSE PAPERS  
YOU SEEK!

I'VE NO  
PROOF  
WITH ME!

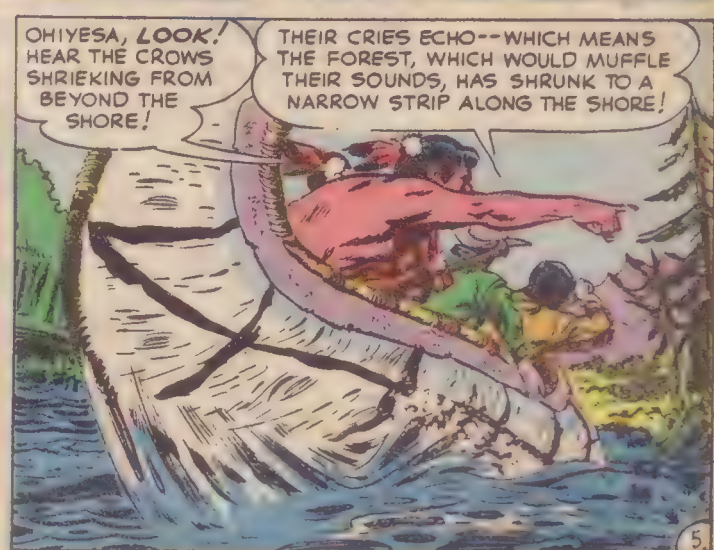


BUT THERE WILL BE  
PAPERS ESTABLISHING  
THE LEGITIMACY OF  
MY MISSION WHEN  
WE FIND THE PLANE!  
UNTIL THEN, YOU  
MUST BEAR WITH  
ME!

ALL RIGHT--  
BUT REMEMBER,  
WE'LL NOT BE  
FOOLED!



NO, WE SHALL NOT BE  
FOOLED, MY FRIEND!  
BUT WHY CAN'T  
AZZAM EXPLAIN  
NOW? AND WHY  
THE GUNFIRE?  
WAS SOMEONE  
TRYING TO KILL  
AZZAM, OR ME,  
OR ALL OF US?



OHIYESA, **LOOK!**  
HEAR THE CROWS  
SHRIEKING FROM  
BEYOND THE  
SHORE!

THEIR CRIES ECHO--WHICH MEANS  
THE FOREST, WHICH WOULD MUFFLE  
THEIR SOUNDS, HAS SHRUNK TO A  
NARROW STRIP ALONG THE SHORE!

STEER TOWARD SHORE! ONLY DEEP WALLS OF ROCK COULD BE THE SOURCE OF SUCH ECHOES! WE ARE PERHAPS NEARER TO THE CANYON WE SEEK THAN I SUPPOSED. WE SHOULD FIND IT JUST BEYOND THIS FRINGE OF FOREST!



ON SHORE AGAIN, THE PARTY TRUDGES THROUGH A NARROW BELT OF TREES TO EMERGE AT...

THERE IS THE CANYON! THE CROWS GUIDED US CORRECTLY!



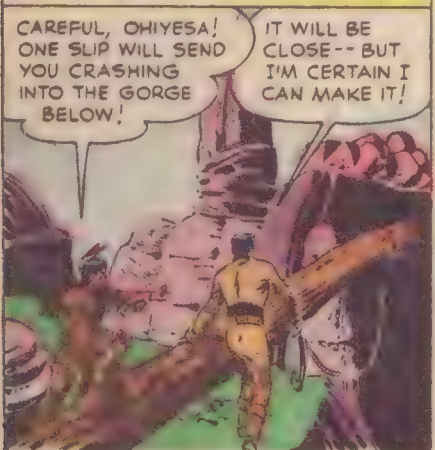
LOOK! THAT ROCKY SPIRE ON THE OTHER SIDE! IT MUST BE THE STEEPLE FORMATION THE PILOT MENTIONED BEFORE I LOST RADIO CONTACT WITH HIM!

BUT HOW CAN WE POSSIBLY GET ACROSS? IT WOULD TAKE DAYS TO CIRCLE THIS CANYON!

POQUEG! ENTIKA! THIS FALLEN TREE WILL AID US! LET'S GET IT INTO POSITION!



AFTER DRAGGING AND SECURING THE TREE SO THAT IT EXTENDS WELL BEYOND THE CANYON'S EDGE...



CAREFUL, OHIYESA! ONE SLIP WILL SEND YOU CRASHING INTO THE GORGE BELOW!

IT WILL BE CLOSE-- BUT I'M CERTAIN I CAN MAKE IT!

CLINGING TO THE ROPE, OHIYESA LEAPS AND SWINGS IN A WIDE ARC ACROSS THE VOID...



BUT...



A FEW FEET SHORT-- I'LL HAVE TO LET GO OF THE ROPE AND MAKE A GRAB FOR THE EDGE!

WHEW! JUST MADE IT! ONE INCH LESS AND I'D HAVE BEEN FINISHED! BUT NOW IT'LL BE EASY TO SECURE THE END OF A ROPE ON THIS SIDE SO THAT THE OTHERS CAN GET ACROSS!



SO--AFTER SECURING THE END OF A ROCK-FASTENED ROPE TOSSED TO HIM BY ENTIKA ...

WE'VE MADE IT--AND IN RECORD TIME TOO, THANKS TO YOUR SKILL AND IN-GENUITY. NOW--LET'S GET TO THAT STEEPLE AND FIND THAT PLANE!

I THINK I SEE IT ALREADY. COME ON!



A MOMENT LATER...

HE MUST HAVE CRASHED RIGHT INTO THE MOUTH OF THIS CAVE AND BEEN CRUSHED IN THE LAND-SLIDE THAT FOLLOWED!

I'M NOT SO SURE! THE MOMENTUM OF THE CRASH COULD HAVE HURLED HIM FROM THE OPEN COCKPIT AND INTO THE CAVE ITSELF, BEFORE THE SLIDE STARTED!

SO THERE'S A CHANCE THAT SOMEWHERE BEHIND ALL THIS RUBBLE, HE'S STILL ALIVE! WE'LL KNOW AFTER WE DIG THROUGH!

BUT HOW? REMOVING THESE SMALLER ROCKS WILL ONLY BRING THAT BIG ONE DOWN ALONG WITH THE TONS OF RUBBLE RESTING ON IT!

WE MIGHT TRY FINDING TREE TRUNKS TO SUPPORT THE BIG BOULDER AS WE CLEAR OUT THE STONES UNDERNEATH IT!

THERE ARE SOME BIG TREES OVER THAT WAY, OHYESA!



SO--AFTER THE LOGS ARE CUT AND TRIMMED...

NOW TO SET THIS LOG JUST UNDER HERE!

WAIT! I HEAR A RUMBLING! IT-IT'S ALL GOING TO CRASH DOWN!



NO! THAT'S NOT A RUMBLING! SOMEONE'S HAMMERING FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROCKS! IT'S YOUR PILOT! HE'S STILL ALIVE AND TRYING TO SIGNAL US!



SPURRED BY THE TAPPING, THE GROUP REDOUBLES ITS EFFORTS...

WE'RE ALMOST THROUGH! AND REMEMBER, AZZAM--YOU'VE GOT SOME PROOFS TO FURNISH!

I SEE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN TAKING CHANCES EITHER! **ONE OF YOU EMPTIED MY GUN!**



I DID, WHILE YOU SLEPT! YOU'VE NO NEED OF IT UP HERE ANYWAY, UNLESS YOU PLANNED TO USE IT ON US! **WAIT!** I THINK WE'VE GOTTEN THROUGH AT LAST!



**POQUEG! ENTIKA!** STAY BACK HERE WITH AZZAM WHILE I GO IN!

HELLO OUT THERE!



HUH? **BLACKIE WINTERS!** WANTED FOR LAST WEEK'S \$100,000 HOLDUP! SO THAT'S WHAT--

THE INDIAN SHERIFF-- **POW-WOW SMITH!** I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GOT INTO THIS, BUT YOU AIN'T GETTIN' OUT OF IT! PUT THEM HANDS UP!

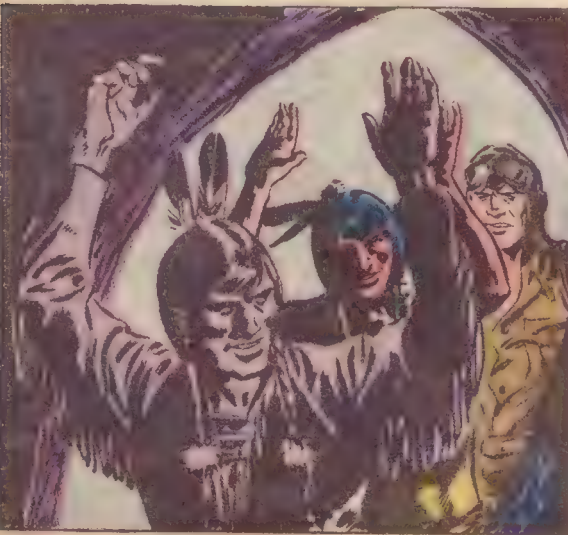


SOME GUIDES YOU PICKED! THAT GUY'S A COPPER! AS FOR HIS PALS -- **INSIDE, YOU TWO-- AND QUICK!**

I SHOULD'VE GUESSED FROM THE WAY HE KEPT PRODDING ME ABOUT PROOF THAT THIS JOB WAS ON THE LEVEL!



BUT WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THEM NOW! KEEP THAT GUN ON THE CAVE ENTRANCE AND STAND BACK! I'M GOING TO PULL OUT THESE SUPPORTS, AND--



--BURY  
THEM  
ALIVE!!



AS TONS OF FALLING ROCK SEAL THEM  
HELPLESSLY WITHIN THE CAVE...

WE'RE  
SEALED  
IN-- BUT  
WHY DID  
THEY  
DO IT?

THAT PILOT IS A WANTED BANK  
ROBBER WHOM I ARRESTED  
SOME YEARS BEFORE. ON HIS  
WAY TO SPLIT WITH AZZAM WHO  
MUST HAVE BACKED HIM, HE  
CRASHED AND GOT TRAPPED  
IN HERE!



WHICH EXPLAINS  
AZZAM'S SECRECY!  
THOSE "SECRET  
PAPERS" WERE  
REALLY THE  
STOLEN \$100,000  
THE PILOT WAS  
CARRYING!

WE CAN NEVER  
DIG THROUGH  
THAT RUBBLE!  
**WE'RE  
DOOMED!**



AND NO WAY OUT!  
SOLID ROCK ON  
ALL SIDES!

WE MUSTN'T GIVE UP HOPE! THE  
**FLOOR** OF THIS CAVE MUST BE  
CONSIDERED, TOO! **IT IS OF  
EARTH-- NOT ROCK!**



SEE--HERE IS  
SOMETHING...  
A PATCH OF  
MOSS! THAT  
MEANS WATER  
FROM SOME  
SOURCE NOT  
FAR BELOW!

TRUE! FOR NO  
RAIN WATER  
COULD SEEP  
THROUGH THESE  
ROCKS FROM  
ABOVE!

SEIZING A SHARP ROCK,  
OHYESA GOUGES AT THE  
SOIL WHICH YIELDS  
EASILY...

SEE HOW  
THE SOIL HAS BEEN  
SOFTENED BY WATER  
WHICH CAPILLARY ACTION  
HAS DRAWN FROM BE-  
LOW! THERE MUST BE AN  
UNDERGROUND STREAM  
NOT TOO FAR DOWN,  
LET'S HOPE IT'S NOT  
TOO SMALL!



AFTER SOME HOURS OF STRENUOUS DIGGING...

AT LAST--**THE STREAM!**  
AND IT SEEMS WIDE ENOUGH TO WADE THROUGH. COME! IF IT EMERGES BEFORE OUR BREATH GIVES OUT, WE'LL BE SAVED! IF NOT-- WELL--WE'VE GOT TO RISK IT!"



PRESENTLY...

THE PRECIOUS AIR CLEARS MY REELING HEAD! AND--**LOOK-- THERE IS THE WAY OUT!**

**LISTEN!**  
SOUNDS OF GUNFIRE!  
WE MUST VENTURE OUT WITH CAUTION!



AND FROM A RIDGE A FEW YARDS AWAY...

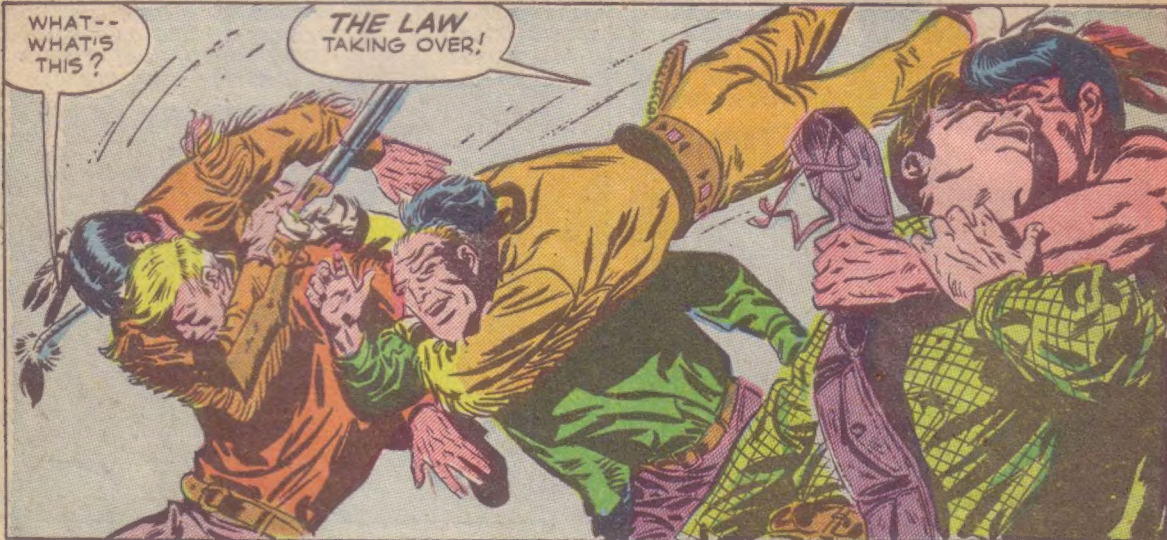
THOUGHT YOU'D CHEAT US OUT OF OUR CUT, EH? WELL, YOU WEREN'T THE ONLY ONES WHO HIRED INDIAN GUIDES AT RED DEER VALLEY! HAND OVER THAT DOUGH!

THE OTHER GANGSTERS HAVE CAUGHT UP! THIS IS OUR CHANCE!



WHAT-- WHAT'S THIS?

**THE LAW**  
TAKING OVER!



**POW-WOW SMITH!** HOW DID YOU ESCAPE?

YOU CAN FIGURE THAT OUT DURING THE LONG JAIL STRETCH THAT AWAITS YOU! FORTUNATELY, WE MADE IT IN TIME TO KEEP THESE OTHER GUIDES FROM SUFFERING THE SAME FATE!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, BACK AT RED DEER VALLEY...

SO, EVEN THOUGH WE DIDN'T GET THE MONEY AZZAM PROMISED, THE REWARD FOR CAPTURING THE WHOLE GANG TURNS OUT TO BE MORE THAN ENOUGH FOR BUILDING OUR NEW SCHOOL!



The End

CONGRATULATIONS,  
PARDNER!

-Red Ryder

# READY FOR YOU!

THANKS, RED! I FOLLOWED  
YOUR TIP AND SHOWED MY  
BOOK TO DAD... HE GOT ME  
MY CARBINE AND HELPED  
ME BECOME A JUNIOR  
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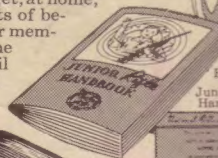
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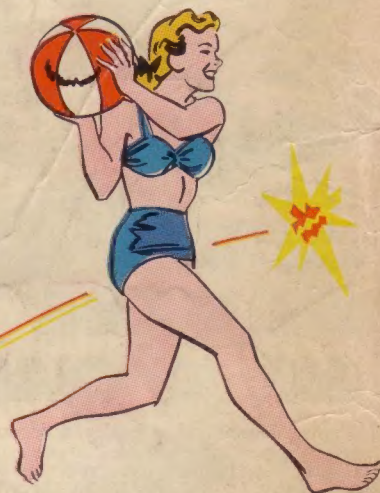
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